

MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S

By the Reverend LUKE BOOKER,
MINISTER OF St. EDMUND'S, DUDLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.



At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and Love of Human-kind.
BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

STOURBRIDGE: PRINTED BY J. WEST;
FOR J. F. AND C. RIVINGTON, LONDON, MDCCLXXXIX.

MISCELLANEOUS

P. O. M. S.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITISH MUSEUM



At the British Museum, London, the following
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of
from the Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies,
the following list of specimens of the
British Museum.

STOURBRIDGE, IN THE DISTRICT OF
FOR J. E. AND C. HATTON, LONDON, 1800.

TO
THE *SUBSCRIBERS* IN PARTICULAR,
AND
TO THE *PUBLIC* IN GENERAL,
THIS VOLUME,
WITH A CONFIDENCE IN THEIR CANDOUR,
AND
A DEFERENCE TO THEIR DISCERNMENT,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

DUDLEY, FEBRUARY-18th, 1790.

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ERRATA.

In Page

- 16 for Scource, read Source
- 41 for pendant, r. pendent
- 44 for shall, r. shalt
- ib. for *steps to Fame*, r. *steeps of Fame*
- 46 for *Pity*, r. *Piety*
- ib. for the Period after *Pride* substitute a Colon
- 48 for ditto after *Dead* a ditto
- 81 for the capital G in *Grow* substitute a small one
- 85 for *strain*, r. *strains*
- 95 for *Cheistain*, r. *Chieftain*
- ib. for *pale-lip'd*, r. *pale-lipp'd*
- 121 dele apostrophe from "*Neighbour's kind*"
- 149 for *stays*, r. *strays*.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE HIGHLANDERS.

SCOTLAND is distinguished by two grand divisions denominated the Highlands, and Lowlands. The former division and its inhabitants form the subject of the following Poem. In the perusal of which to convince the reader that the distresses therein described, are not heightened by poetical licence; it may not be improper, by way of Introduction, to adduce the authority of such persons as have already addressed the public on the subject. Doctor Anderson (who was employed by Government to examine into the state of the Hebrides) strongly confirms the relations before given by others, of the melancholy poverty and depression of their inhabitants.

“These Islands,” says he, “contain a numerous race of hardy and robust people, whose labour, if properly directed, might prove of great utility to the state. Their number (including those parts of Scotland where the inhabitants are in similar circumstances) cannot be fewer than five hundred thousand souls; who (being totally unacquainted with the benefits which result from that compacted state of civil Society, in which individuals can, with ease, mutually give and receive reciprocal aid) live, at present, in detached solitary hamlets, in want of most of those enjoyments which men who have lived in society would think absolutely necessary to existence.----In *their* situation, every man is not only obliged to dig and reap with his own hands the little field that is to furnish bread to himself and family; but, in many cases, also to carry home its produce on his own shoulders, and to
take

take out the manure to his field in the same manner. He must also make every Necessary he wants himself, with tools of his own forming.

“ Thus are these people continually employed in an uninterrupted, and fruitless industry, which is neither capable of freeing themselves from want, nor of benefiting the state. Hence, persons, who observe very little more of their mode of life, save that they frequently desert those employments which such observers think would turn out profitable to them, rashly conclude, that this proceeds from an unsteady disposition, a disinclination to labour, and insuperable indolence of temperament. Contumely is thus added to oppression, and the poor wretches are cruelly insulted and abused, instead of being tenderly sympathized with, cherished and supported. Yet though suffering, they complain not, but submit to their hard fate with patient resignation,”

To this extract from Dr. Anderson, it may neither be improper nor disagreeable to subjoin others from Mr. Knox's “ View of the British Empire:” a work replete with indefatigable researches, benevolence, and information.----After particularizing the situation of the Hebride Isles, this elegant writer seems to exchange the pen for the pencil----Witness the following fine-drawn landscape.

“ The face of the country, in this division, exhibits one great mass of rugged mountains, appearing in all manner of directions, covered on the sides with heath or natural woods, and on the highest summits with everlasting snow. These mountains are separated from each other by vallies, straths, or glens; and in some places, by narrow deep chasms darkened with timber; through which the united tributary streams of the surrounding mountains roll with great impetuosity, till they vent themselves
into

into some inland lake ; but more frequently into the capacious bays formed by the Atlantic, on one side ; or the British sea on the other side of the island.

“ Such is the natural state of the Highlands. The only parts capable of Agriculture are the vallies or glens around the bases of the mountains : and these vallies having the sun for a few hours only, vegetation advances slowly, and the harvests are always late. The climate is equally discouraging to the purpose of husbandry. The Spring is bleak and piercing : the Summer cold and short : the Autumn from the beginning of August, deluged with rains : the Winter long and tempestuous. During the latter season, the people are cut off from all communication with the low countries by deep beds of snow, impassable torrents, pathless mountains and morasses on one side ; by long and impracticable navigations on the other.

“ To these accumulated discouragements of nature are added the oppression and ill-judged policy of many proprietors of those sterile regions. Where both soil and climate conspire against the raising of grain in any considerable quantity ; and where there are no markets, possibly within the distance of fifty miles, for the sale of corn, and the lesser articles of husbandry, the farmer turns his attention chiefly to the grazing of a few cattle and sheep, as a means whereby he expects to pay his rent, and support his family. If therefore, his farm hath been raised at the rate of 30 per cent. while the price of cattle hath scarcely advanced one, this method of improving estates (as the proprietors term it) furnishes a high sounding rent-roll, extremely pleasing to human vanity ; but which being founded upon oppression, injustice and folly, hath hitherto proved fallacious and humiliating to all those who have persevered in the cruel experiment.

“ Upon the whole, the situation of these people, inhabitants of Britain ! is such as no language can describe or fancy conceive. If with great labour and fatigue the farmer raises a slender crop of oats and barley, the autumnal rains often baffle his utmost efforts, and frustrate all his expectations : and, instead of being able to pay an exorbitant rent he sees his family in danger of perishing during the ensuing Winter, when he is precluded from every possibility of assistance elsewhere.

“ Meanwhile, the steward, hard pressed by letters from the gaming house, or Newmarket, demands the rent, in a tone which makes no great allowance for unpropitious seasons, the death of cattle, and other accidental misfortunes.

Such is the hard lot of the great body of people who inhabit a fifth part of our island. Neglected by Government : forsaken or oppressed by the Gentry : cut off, during most part of the year, by impassable mountains and impracticable navigations from the seats of Commerce, Industry, and Plenty : living at a considerable distance from all human aid, without the necessaries of life, or any of those comforts which might soften the rigour of their calamities. --- Upon the whole, the Highlands of Scotland (some few estates excepted) are the seats of Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Anguish, and wild Despair ; exciting the pity of every traveller, while the virtues of the inhabitants attract his admiration.

“ From this *ne plus ultra* of human depression, we entertain a hope, however, that matters will revert into a contrary direction, under the auspices of a benevolent Sovereign and Parliament, to whose humane, as well as political attention, that country and people are most humbly recommended.”

E X T R A C T

FROM THE

P R E F A C E

To the first Edition of The HIGHLANDERS

Published in the Year, 1787.

THE charms of Fame, in the present performance, dazzle not the eye of its author ; nor does the self-inspired confidence of Merit prompt him to publication.

If, like a drop of rain falling into the Ocean, it cause no visible augmentation to the approved Stock of Literature, the Public,

will sustain no injury, and the author feel little disappointment. Conscious of having intended well, he will derive no mortification from Vanity chagrined, or Ambition dejected: but will still continue to compassionate those neglected fellow-Britons whose virtues and wretchedness stimulated his pen.

Should his humble efforts tend but, in the smallest degree, to awaken a sympathetic concern for the distresses of these virtuous people, in the bosoms of those who are able to remove them, every end and expectation will be answered to

8 NO 65

THE AUTHOR.

" AN, little think the gay licentious proud,
 " Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround:
 " They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 " And wanton, often *cruel*, riot waste;
 " Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 " How many feel, this very moment, death,
 " And all the sad variety of pain!
 " How many pine in want: How many drink
 " The cup of Grief, or eat the bitter bread
 " Of Misery.---Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 " How many shrink into the sordid hut
 " Of cheerless Poverty * * * * *
 " How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 " In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 " Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 " And point the parting anguish.---Thought, fond man!
 " Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 " That one incessant struggle render life,---
 " One scene of toil, of suffering and of fate,
 " Vice, in his high career would stand appall'd,
 " And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 " The conscious heart of Charity wou'd warm,
 " And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
 " The social tear wou'd rise, the social sigh;
 " And into clear perfection, gradual blifs,
 " Refining still, the social passions work."

THOMSON.

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ARGUMENT

TO THE HIGHLANDERS.

Eulogium on England. The happiness of its inhabitants does not preclude a sympathetic concern for the distresses of others. With feelings similar to those a native of England would experience at beholding a vessel at some distance from the coast wrecked by a storm, the author contemplates the distresses of the Highlanders. Their situation and dispositions described. The oppression and avarice which characterize some of the proprietors of farms reprehended. A digression, containing short sketches of the Vale of Belvoir and Himley—evening—and Louisa or the fatal effects of Seduction, a tale. Guilt and Innocence contrasted. The latter the reward and protection of Howard in his dangerous benevolent enterprizes. His virtues applauded, and the immortality of his name predicted. Himley contrasted with scenes in the Highlands.

ARGUMENT.

lands. *The hardships of the Highlanders during the herring fishery at the commencement of winter. A picture of misery occasioned by the shameful practice of impressing them in time of war. Their return home from the fishery, if left at liberty, not attended with those agreeable sensations which are generally experienced by a happier people. The reason. Their miserable situation during winter. Their valour and fidelity exemplified in their conduct to the Pretender. A caution against Prejudice; strengthened by the opinions of Lord Chatham and General Wolfe concerning them. Their honesty illustrated by the infrequency of robberies and murders among them. Their duty to parents. Their hospitality to strangers compared with that of Abraham and Lot to the angels.—For these virtues Pity laments the absence of temporary reward. She apostrophizes Government in their behalf; and concludes the poem with a prediction of the salutary effects which this kingdom will derive from rendering them assistance.*

THE
HIGHLANDERS,

A
P O E M.

SA FE in a genial Isle, the seat of Peace,
Of blooming Science and unrival'd Arts;
Where Freedom, like a fair luxuriant tree,
Spontaneous grows, with golden fruits, unknown
To other climes:—In such a gifted land,
Shall mortals murmur, and an envious eye
Glance into distant realms? Shall British souls

B

Sigh

Sigh to degen'rate 'neath an Indian palm?
To lose their native fire midst Gallia's sons,
In vineyards bland and aromatic scenes?

Lo! on her happy plains, by tow'ring oaks
Emboss'd, and with perennial verdure cloth'd,
BRITANNIA'S flocks and sleeky herds appear.
Down her capacious vales, with devious course,
Her rivers glide; and, in their silver waves,
Inverted woods and cultur'd hills display.
In her most rugged haunt some charm she holds;
In walks sequester'd most some rural grace:
Thro' all her peopled scenes commercial Hope
And Female Beauty shine: While, from her throne,
The Virtues (like the streams which bear her stores
To ev'ry part of her illustrious isle)
Into the bosoms flow of all mankind.

But

But is there one of all her num'rous sons,
So highly favour'd, and so blest by heav'n,
Who mounted on her white and lofty steeps,
Which brave the dashing wave or foaming surge
That roars indignant at their shelving feet :—
Say, is their one who, station'd there, can view
An angry storm, remote, burst o'er the mast
Of some devoted ship, without a pang?
No—he will lift a pleading eye to heav'n,
Will charge each gale with sympathetic sighs,
And swell the ocean with his pious tears.
Nor is a piteous anguish all the means
His heart would tender in the sufferers cause;
Swift o'er the billowy deep his aid wou'd launch
To save them from the dark relentless wave,
Uprear'd to whelm them in its cold embrace.

Nor can the humblest of her tuneful train
A kindred Kingdom's dire distresses view

Without a kindred tear. He can behold
Another Nation happy, and derive
Exalted transports from the pleasing sight ;
But he cou'd never arm with Stoic Pride,
Nor steel with Cruelty, a feeling heart
Against a brave and virtuous People's woes.

Where CALEDONIA's western mountains rear
Their lofty fummits, crown'd with lasting snow,
There lives—say rather, languishes, a race,
Whose bosoms (undebas'd by Vice's train)
Boast each affection that ennobles man.
Yet are they doom'd to till a chearless foil,
Which sparely feels the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Too oft to see their labour's meed destroy'd
By Dearth-producing storms. To these dire ills,
To rig'rous clime and inauspicious skies,
Oppression, baleful, with a hell-born soul,

Adds

Adds wretchedness more dire. Her schedule base
(where Mammon and Injustice are collegu'd)
With supercilious air she wide unfurls,
And thence confirms her arbitrary claim,
Unheard, Plead Poverty and honest Truth;
Expostulating Reason's voice is lost,
And delug'd fields upbraid and preach in vain.

O happy they! whose herds and flocks enjoy
Fair *Belvoir's* spacious vales, for ever green,
For ever smiling to a *RUTLAND'S** eye..
There just Humanity delights to stray
With beauteous Pity, his celestial mate:
While, at their guileless feet, with placid face,
And blushing with the roseate tints of eve,
Old Trent assembles all his infant streams;—

* This Poem was first published when the Duke was living.

Protracting, by meanders many' and wild,
His destin'd course tow'rd's Ocean's wide expanse,

And happy they! who till the fertile plains
Which claim a generous DUDLEY for their Lord:
Whose laughing harvests wave like seas of gold,
Round *Himley's* lofty groves.—There wanders Taste
Enamour'd, and a new Elysium views,
In every devious lawn. There Nature's smile
Blends into Elegance unwonted charms,
And spreads Enchantment thro' the spacious scene,
Full in the soften'd view the village spire
(Whence, sadly sweet, in measur'd notes and slow,
The simple peal falls on the list'ning ear)
Points to the marbled canopy of heav'n.
There too, lodg'd peaceful 'mid incumbent trees,
Rises some chimney'd cot, whence columns grey
Of vap'rous smoke in curling forms ascend:

While,

A. P O E M.

7

While, slow retiring in his flaming car
Down CAMBRIA's distant hills, th' imperial Sun
Sinks, curtain'd round with clouds of various hue.

Now wings the beetle her uncertain flight,
And hums along the glade.—Now the soft hour
When rural lovers plight their tender vows,
And hold sweet converse of approaching bliss.—
Are *all* from base Diffimulation free?
Did ne'er the Female Bosom heave the sigh
Of injur'd love, and confidence abus'd?
—Alas! Louisa, let thy hapless fate
Speak for the Muse the melancholy truths:
Let thy sad tale, oft told but never sung,
Teach Woman caution and admonish Man.

Louisa bloom'd the fairest of that sex,
Heav'n's loveliest gift to man; as blooms the rose

Th

Th' unrival'd queen of Flora's beauteous train:
 Unknown to Guilt, she was to Care unknown,
 And happy as the unsuspecting lamb
 Devoted soon at Lux'ry's shrine to bleed:
 A solitary parent's eve of life
 To gild with filial duty was the task
 Her heart best lov'd;—and, from his failing eye,
 Delight she found transcending all the charms
 Of titled Grandeur, or the wealth of mines.
 When faithful Mem'ry, in her faultless form,
 Trac'd the fair part'ner of his wedded days,
 The tender sigh wou'd rise, and down his cheek,
 Deep-worn with Age, wou'd fall the pious tear.
 Oft, in these tributes to departed worth,
 Louisa's soul, congenial wou'd unite:
 Then, for a Father's peace, soon wou'd her face
 The placid smile resume, and steal his griefs
 From his too gentle breast.—Their ev'ning hours,

Transient

Transient as perfumes on a dewy breeze,
With downy pinions wing'd away serene.
Her skilful hand now wak'd the slumb'ring strings
To harmony; while, from her sweeter tongue,
Low-warbling, issued some accordant strain.
Now, on the snowy vest, wou'd fancy form
The rose-bud op'ning on its mossy stem;
The drooping harebell, and the pointed leaves
Of jasmine scatter'd with a careless grace.
He, seated near her, wou'd th' important truths
Of sacred lore inculcate and unfold:
Wou'd trace th' historic, or poetic page,
The comic, or the melting tragic scene,
To raise the smile of pleasantry, or move
The glowing heart with Mis'ry's piteous tale.

In mutual harmony and social bliss,
Retir'd in one of SCOTIA's fairest haunts,
Thus pass'd the moments of their rural lives.

But Virtue oft is doom'd to meet the shaft
Of fell Misfortune and heart piercing Woe :
For in a luckless hour, Louisa's charms
Met young Hilario's gay lascivious eye :
An Highland swain, but tutor'd in the school
Of Vice in distant lands.—Thus Albion's sons
Barter, in Fashion's fatal Tour, their Worth,
And Country's fam'd Peculiar—Manliness,
For Crimes exotic, and Refinements base.
—These they import to turn Domestic Peace
To Anarchy, and taint the moral air.

Form'd in a mould that gave to ev'ry limb
A fair proportion, and in manners soft,
Hilario could his often-practis'd wiles
Too well conceal. Base adulation flow'd
Smooth from his lips; while ev'ry art combin'd
To weave a snare for her unguarded heart.

A P O E M.

11

In happy hour (by him so fallſely deem'd)
The faireſt gem that decks the female breaſt
Waſted its luſtre, and its beauty loſt
Within his tainting arms:—Deſpoil'd, ſhe ſeem'd
A lovely dew-bent flow'r, at early dawn
Pluck'd from its ſtem to grace a tyrant's breaſt,—
Awhile to languish,—then like, ſome vile weed,
To be neglected, ſcorn'd, and caſt away.

Peace, inſtantaneous, from her boſom fled;
For Peace dwells not with Guilt:—and far, with Peace,
Fled the ſeducer rude, nor e'er return'd.
Her beauteous eyes, bent earthward, weeping ſought
The loneliſt ſcenes. Oft, on Hilario's name,
His perjur'd name, ſhe call'd; while ceafeleſs ſighs
Swell'd the light veil that deck'd her ſnowy breaſt.
—But who can paint a Parent's deep diſtreſs,
When, hating life, his only Bleſſing left—

His much belov'd Louisa, from her shame,
Took fatal refuge in a neighb'ring stream?
The melancholy cause her trembling hand
Left told in language of insane remorse;
A sad memorial, stained with many a tear.

Thus, by some gale, furcharg'd with latent death,
The blossom'd tree, dismantl'd of its pride,
Sickens, dejected, thro' the waning year,
And in the wint'ry blast untimely falls.

Swift (an affecting lesson for her sex)
Thro' ev'ry clime her mournful story flew.
Hilario hears appall'd; tho' Fashion's glare
Dazzles his view, and woos his vicious soul
To pleasures false:—avenging Guilt dispels
The visionary train; and drives him far
From native country, and condemning friends.

But

But what can Flight avail the wounded mind?
Its own dread Horrors it can never shun,—
Its own dark Fears portending future woe.

While Innocence a source of rapture finds,
Exhaustless as the glorious font of day,
In her own bosom : subject to no change
From change of climate or capricious Fate.
Tho' Earth, and Sea, and Air, in warring strife,
Blend all their horrors in a midnight storm,
And turn Confusion loose on Natures works—
With *her* is sunshine and a perfect calm.
Whether an exile to the frozen realms
Of wild Siberia, clad in robes of Snow;
Or whether panting on the Lybian shore—
The smile of Heav'n dawns bright upon her mind ;
Tempers the blast; or, like the summer dew
(Falling at Even on some languid flow'r)

Refreshes

Refreshes and enlivens.—THEE it cheers,
 Immortal HOWARD! in the dungeon's gloom,—
 Beams on thy heart, and round thy sacred form
 An influence sheds, impervious to the breath
 Of livid *Pestilence*, Death's dread compeer.
 At thy approach the wasting Demon stays
 Her baleful conquests; yielding to the pow'r
 That terminates her fell unpeopling reign,
 And cherub *Health* resumes her milder sway.

From cell to cell, thro' each infected clime
 Unwearied flies thy salutary aid,
 Despising danger, and the low-born Thought
 That makes Religion Hatred,* and inflames
 Her blinded Vot'ries with fanatic zeal.

* "That makes Ambition Virtue."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*.

For

For Thee some loftier Muse a laureate wreath
Shall weave ; which, in *Humility's** despite,
Shall, in the Temple of immortal Fame,
Encircle, blooming, thy benignant brow.

While *Sculpture* vainly pants in Thee to live
Till Nature's self expire, th' unfetter'd Bard
Shall charm remotest Ages with his song,
And, with thy Name, their Emulation fire.

In Himley's sacred shade a youthful Muse
To thee attunes this unambitious Lay,
An humble off'ring to a godlike mind.—
Here mounts th' enraptur'd soul beyond all bounds
Of human frailty ; borne to Nature's God
On Meditation's Wing.—A deepen'd shade
Broods in th' umbrageous venerable oaks,
Where reigns a solemn stillness ; undisturb'd,

Save

* Alluding to his refusal of the Statue which was intended to be erected to his Memory.

Save by the minstrels of the sylvan scene.*

How drear the prospect of the Highland wilds:
 To such retirement!—Now the Muse's task;
 To mark the contrast of the distant scene,
 And chronicle a catalogue of woes.
 Cheerless, she views the dank and lurid vales,
 Left matted with their prone and delug'd crops,
 Like turbid shoals by whirling river form'd.
 Awe-struck, she hears the tempest's hollow roar,
 Mingled with sounds from mountain torrents borne,
 Shudd'ring, she sees a patient suff'ring race
 Of friendless mortals quit their lowly sheds
 And launch, in crazy barks, o'er seas unknown,

The

- “ Here Innocence may wander, safe from woes
 “ And Contemplation soar on Seraph-wings.
 “ O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
 “ When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
 “ Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.”

BEATTIE'S Minstrel.

The wintry fry to capture : oft unblest
With other store for their adventurous cruise
Than mealy food and water from the spring.
Their heaths supply them with a rushy bed,
Expos'd alike to Tempest-driven rains ;
To chrySTALLIZING frost and fleecy snow.

Thus trimm'd, o'er faithless rocks (which darkling lurk
Below the changful surface of the deep
And mock the fury of the tyrant storm)
Their course they steer. The shoaly tribes full oft
Evade their nightly * search, and long refuse
To be encompass'd in their meshy snares.
But persevering Industry prevails,
And draws them captive to the fatal air :
Where, idly, with elastic force they bound
Contorsive—gasp—and soon convulsed, expire.

D

These

* The time when they are usually caught.

These stor'd securely for some distant mart,
 The reflux tide conducts them to the shore,
 Too oft (when desolating War demands)
 To be enslav'd; and, with tyrannic force,
 Dragg'd to encounter foes ne'er prov'd their own. †
 —Disgrace to Freedom, and to Britain's laws,
 Which brook such deeds inhuman! Justice, rous'd,
 Invokes upon them the dread curse of heav'n,
 And registers, in characters of tears ‡
 Caught from Affliction's eye, the woes they bring,
 Weeping, she paints the wife, of mate bereft,
 Seeking a casual dole from door to door:
 One infant in her arms (on which the eye
 Paternal never beam'd) clings to her breast
 But ill attir'd from cold and lawless gaze:

Another

† See KNOX's "View of the Highlands."

‡ Conscriptum hoc lacrymis &c.,

CATULLUS,

Another lodg'd unfeemly at her back,
Mingles its plaintive sorrows with the wind :
While two, copartners of a pristine birth,
(Pressing with blood-stain'd feet the pointed stones—
Their lips all trembling and empurpled deep)
Look up to meet a mother's streaming eyes,
And vainly strive to sooth her troubl'd soul.*

With day's extreme her toilsome wand'rings close.
When, slow retiring with her orphan train
To some deserted cot or dreary cave,
She folds them shiv'ring in her widow'd arms,
And sinks, enfeebl'd, on the Earth's cold lap :
There long she fits a spectacle of woe,
Dealing the morsels Charity bestow'd,
Unconscious where to find to-morrow's fare.

D 2

Thus

* See Frontispiece.

Thus hies the bird (whose mate, by base decoy,
Is sever'd from her love) at dusky eve,
To feed her callow brood, and waste in grief
The live-long night, nor wish return of morn,

But what, if War calamities like these
Fail to this woe-devoted race to bring,
And they, returning from their wintry toils,
Are hail'd by Freedom on their native shores?
—Alas! no joyous thoughts of blazing fire,—
Of ev'ning's genial meal, and balmy rest,
Transport their souls. Anticipation sweet
Of bliss domestic never wakes the sigh
Of ecstasy; nor steals th' enraptur'd tear
From a fond father's eye.—His partner's cares;
His children's various wants assail his breast,
And agonize each tender feeling there.

Worn with fatigue, and faint, he stays his step,
And, leaning on his trusty staff, awhile
Contemplates Life—its pleasures and its woes.
To him its *pleasures* few; and, like the charms
Of Iris seated on her shadowy car,
These unsubstantial, evanescent, false.—
Its *woes* (a ruthless train!) he then begins
To number with his tears:—when, from the task,
A storm's loud clamours call him, and constrain
His feet to perseverance.—'Numb'd with cold,
O'er trackless hills, they falt'ring bear him on;
Till, from some rock's stupendous height, he sees
His lowly mansion in the neighb'ring vale
Envelop'd deep in snow. The threshold gain'd,
He meets, indeed, a conjugal embrace,
The pledge of love sincere;—but oh! too soon
His brightened eye is sullied with distress,
Conducted by a mother's tearful look

To

To where his child expires!*—Deep gulphs of snow
A tyrant

* This concern, where human Wants and Miseries are so accumulated, to *some*, perhaps, may seem improbable; but to those who, like the author, are accustomed (in a professional capacity) to visit the wretched abodes of Penury; and who, like him too, have frequently witnessed the bitterness of parental anguish over an expiring infant, however extreme their *poverty*---to *such*, the above will appear no inconsistent proof of the strength of natural affection.

Nay, perhaps, this Poverty *increases* natural Affection. For it is a well-known truth that those Children which have suffered most (whether from sickness or accident) always experience a greater share of parental Fondness. And even the *Loss* of such Children (which may be deemed a Blessing) seems to wound the mind more deeply than does the Loss of others whose days have been permitted to pass unpained by Calamity.

The cause of this is easily discovered in the human mind. What we are most apprehensive of losing we certainly most wish to retain; and whatever awakens our Solicitude strengthens our Love. It calls forth and exercises some soft and sensible emotions which otherwise might have remained dormant, or, at most, perhaps, have been known but imperfectly.

Speaking of Poverty, an ingenious Writer (in "An Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations") makes the following observation.

"Poverty,

A tyrant winter, borne on howling storms,
 Has fix'd between his loftier † abode
 And Lowland scenes. Of needful aid depriv'd,
 And needful food,—he seeks his vagrant herds
 Thro' pathless fens, and far-extending wilds,
 To lead them to his miserable home.

One roof of mould'ring turf, or scanty straw,
 Thus shields a tender wife, an offspring large,

And

“Poverty, though it no doubt discourages, does not always
 “prevent, Marriage.----A half-starved Highland Woman fre-
 “quently bears more than twenty Children. But Poverty is ex-
 “tremely unfavourable to the rearing of Children. The tender
 “plant is produced; but in so cold a soil and so severe a climate,
 “it soon withers and dies. It is not uncommon in the Highlands
 “of Scotland for a Mother who has borne twenty Children not
 “to have two alive.”

SMITH'S Inquiry, &c. Edit. 4th. Vol. I. Page 119.

If any thing can be done to counteract this evil, and, at the
 same time to banish from these Islands the Spirit of Emigra-
 tion, what delight will be kindled in the breast of Benevolence,
 and what advantages will accrue to the British Nation!

† i. e. *lofty*, compared with the Lowlands.

And a small famish'd herd from frowning skies.

One diet serves them all—the meal of grain,

Blighted or mildew'd by inclement show'rs ;

Nor that to fulness.—This the wretched fare

Of family and brute!—save when their blood,

Thro' punctur'd vein the gen'rous cattle yield,

Depriv'd by Famine of their milky store.

With this—with blood ! the miserable pair

Silence the complaints of importuning Want

Among their infant charge.*—Unnat'ral food!

But

* Mr. KNOX, speaking of the pitiable condition of their cattle, says,—" in summer they pick a scanty support among the morasses, or heathy mountains ; but, in winter, when the grounds are covered with snow, and when the naked wilds afford neither shelter nor subsistence, the few cows, small, lean, and ready to drop down through want of pasture, are brought into the hut where the family resides ; and frequently share with them the small stock of meal which has been purchased or raised for the family only : while the cattle, thus sustained, are *bled*, occasionally, to afford nourishment for the children, after it has been boiled or made into cakes."

See View of the Highlands, page 122.

But what will not the Life-corroding worm
Of Hunger make its prey?—The vital stream,
There, from another's meagre frame, it draws,
T' invig'rate *that* just ebbing in it's own.

Thy vot'ries, thus, Ambition! meanly great,
By Pride impov'rish'd, and by Vice undone,
Wou'd treat their Country. Her enfeebled State,
Which long-protracted desolating wars
Have drain'd to sickness, they wou'd joy to see
In deeper ruin fall, exanimate :
Heedless tho' Faction shake her bulwark down;
Heedless tho' Majesty itself expire,
So they but profit by the gen'ral wreck.

Not such the nobler children of the North.
They love their Country with a filial mind,
Tho' desolate and drear. Their Chieftain's name

Wakes them to arms, and calls an ardor forth,
Which direſt ills and dangers cannot damp,
Nor ought but Death ſubdue.—Witness the time
When Charles, miſguided youth ! Britannia's throne
Strove, with a perfevering zeal, to mount,
Which threw a luſtre o'er a baſe empriſe.
The dread of armies, disciplin'd and prov'd
On hoſtile ſhores, ne'er ſhook their hardy ſouls ;—
Their prince they honour'd, and for him they bled :
Happy to bleed, in what they glorious deem'd,
A rightful Cauſe.—They whom the peſt of War,
Or arm of Juſtice ſpar'd, to their ſad homes,
Their Highland huts retir'd,—to count with ſighs
The loſs of kindred, and lament the day
They left their mountains to regain a throne.

There too retir'd their vanquiſh'd Chief ; ſecure
E'en amid thoſe his project had deceiv'd,

Tho'

Tho' poor and wretched. His asylum, safe
 Kept by Fidelity, and found by Love,
 Was inaccessible alike to Threat
 Portending Death with all his terror's arm'd,
 And Bribe, with ev'ry charm of proffer'd gold.*

E 2

But

* The *Fidelity* of the Highlanders would appear incredible to Christians and Philosophers of more happy climates, were it not fully authenticated by the experience of many ages. Among a variety of instances the following may be depended on.---- Hector Mackintosh, having, in 1527, carried fire and sword through the lands of the Murrays and Ogilvies, fled immediately from the hand of Justice. Two hundred of his followers were hanged: and such was their Fidelity, even in a bad cause, that, though each of them was separately offered his pardon, if he would discover where Hector was concealed, yet all of them rejected the condition, and submitted to their fate.

A more striking instance, if possible, of their Fidelity happened after the battle of Culloden.----When the young Pretender found safety during five months among these people, though personally known to some hundreds of the lowest rank, and though a reward of *thirty thousand pounds* had been offered to any person who would deliver him up: yet they not only rejected this immense sum with disdain; but also hazarded their lives in collecting provision and linen for his use, while the Highlands and the Hebride isles were over-run with soldiers in pursuit of him.

See Knox's View, &c.

But let not Party's demon, Prejudice,
Which, with an eagle-eye, can spy a flaw
In what it disapproves ; else, like a mole,
Blind, and content with darkness: let her not
Sneering confess them faithful as they're brave,
Then mar th' eulogium with a poison'd shaft—
“ That *Rebels* such are dangerous *Allies*,”

Not so illustrious CHATHAM. Party rage
Ne'er sway'd *his* tongue; nor warp'd that noble mind
Which, like the sun, enlighten'd all the world.*

—A

* “ I trusted,” exclaimed Lord Chatham in Parliament, “ to the mountains of the North, to carry on the most extensive War in which England has ever been engaged.”

“ This was the declaration of the ablest, most impartial, and disinterested Minister of the age ; one who had penetration to discern, candour to acknowledge, and honesty to reward merit : whose elevated mind knew no distinction to country or people, --- no narrow partialities ; but, in every respect, was eminently qualified for the great purposes of uniting more closely this wide
extended

—A WOLFE beheld their bold intrepid lines
 For Albion's sake, to victory or death,
 March dauntless on ;—and Gallic phalanxes,

Into

extended empire, by a generous diffusion of *reciprocal* benefits and privileges, throughout the various branches of which it is composed.

“ Till the days of that Great Man the intrinsic value of the Highlanders, like the diamond in the mine, remained in obscurity. Some obstructions removed, they shone forth at once a tractable, useful, people ; who might one day prove a considerable acquisition to the commerce, as well as to the internal strength of Britain.”

KNOX.

What the Father had in *contemplation* for the mutual advantage of them and his Country, it is hoped that his equally eminent and valuable Son, Mr. Pitt, will, by the exertions of his uncommon abilities, carry into *completion*. To place him, at his *present* age, upon an equality with his venerable Father, who was confessedly one of the first of men, is bestowing praise as just as it is great. The comparison drawn by Virgil between Iulus and Æneas---*sequitur Patrem non passibus æquis*, would, in the present instance, be very inapplicable. Neither are we authorized to parody Mr. Sherlock's expression on SHAKESPEARE ; and say that, *Nature made CHATHAM and then broke the mould* : For to the *political* system she has given another CHATHAM ; though, perhaps, in the *poetical*, she may never permit to shine another SHAKESPEARE.

Into disorder thrown at their approach,

Exclaim'd—"Beware! the English Lions come."*

Nor claim they less the Muse's praise when Peace
Her olive sceptre sways, than while entroop'd,

And animated with the glorious flame

Of thund'ring War. No lurking robber there,

Bent upon plunder, takes his nightly round;

No murd'rer dooms a widow's eye to lave

A mangled husband : † and no wayward son,

To Ruin borne along on Folly's tide,

Untimely

* "In rapid marches and sudden attacks, the Highlanders are unequalled.----During a long march, a regiment of these men keeps up with the cavalry. If a distant coast is invaded, or a post in danger, the Highlanders are collected at an hour's notice. They set off, and continue their march with incredible swiftness, leaving all other troops panting and breathless far behind. The French tremble at the sight of them, calling out.----"The English Lions." KNOX.

† "There is not a murder committed in the Highlands once in seven years; and robberies upon the road are unknown,"

KNOX

Untimely bows a parent's hoary head
 With sorrow to the grave.—No : these are deeds
 Nurtur'd in climes less rude. The barren North
 Disdains their produce, and wou'd rather see
 Dejected Innocence, in tatter'd plaid,
 Sit on his naked cliffs, with trickling tears
 Washing their flinty sides, than crimes so base
 Shou'd stain the annals of his wild domain. †

There

- † “ A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
 “ Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, tho' free ;
 “ Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
 “ Inflexible in Faith ; invincible in arms.”

Minstrel.

*Illa pharetratis est propria gloria Scotis
 Cingere venatu saltus, superare natando
 Flumina, ferre famem, contemnere frigora et æstus,
 Nec fossa et muris patriam, sed Marte tueri,
 Et spreta incolumem vita defendere famam,
 Polliciti servare fidem, sanctumque vereri
 Numen Amicitiae, mores, non munus amare
 Artibus his, totum fremerunt cum bella per orbem,
 Nullaque non leges tellus mutaret avitas*

Externus

There too, in all her ancient charms attir'd,
 Dwells Hospitality, convivial maid!
 And bids a stranger welcome.—At her door,
 (When Poverty forbids not) with a bowl
 Or cleanly pitcher, fill'd with bev'rage sweet,—
 She, unintreated, takes her friendly stand,
 The toil-worn trav'ler on his way to cheer.*

Thus

*Externo subiecta iugo, gens una vetustis
 Sedibus antiqua sub libertate resedit.*

BUCHANAN.

* “ Kindness and Hospitality possess the people of these parts. We scarce passed a farm, but the good woman (long before our approach) sallied out, and stood by the road, holding out to us a bowl of milk or whey.”

PENNANT.

“ It need not, I suppose, be mentioned that in countries so little frequented as the Highlands, there are no houses where travellers are entertained for money. He that wanders about these wilds, either procures recommendations to those whose habitations lie near his way; or, when night and weariness come upon him, takes the chance of general hospitality. If he finds only a Cottage, he can expect little more than shelter; for the Cottagers have little more for themselves: but if his good fortune brings him to the

Thus, erst, "the Friend of God," in Mamre's plains,
 Regal'd his angel-guests. A spreading tree
 Shaded th' immortal strangers while they deign'd
 Freely to share the simple gen'rous meal.
 And thus did Lot, ere Sodom's guilty sons
 (Devoted to th' avenging wrath of heav'n)
 Beheld their city one wide wasting flame.†

Such various worth distinguishes those scenes
 Where Nature sickens; and from which the eye
 Of Pity, rais'd to Admiration, turns
 Tearful aside to ask such worth's reward.

F

—" And

the residence of a Gentleman, he will be glad of a storm to prolong
 his stay."

JOHNSON.

Such is the Opinion of liberal-minded Men concerning these
 virtuous People; and it is not the unjust and splenetic rant of a
Pinkerton that will make mankind think otherwise. The excellent
 qualities here enumerated will be deemed characteristic, when
 the above-mentioned Writer's illiberal aspersions are sunk in
 oblivion.

† Gen. Ch. 18, and 19.

—“ And is there none,” impatient she demands,
 “ No cheering meed for virtues great as these
 “ On this side heav’n?—Say, like delinquents base,
 “ Doom’d by their Country’s laws to ceaseless toil,
 “ Must they the load,—the pond’rous load sustain
 “ Of human ills adown Life’s vale of tears,
 “ Till Death, sole comforter, shall bid them find
 “ Rest from their labours in a peaceful grave?
 “ Must each revolving Winter find them left,
 “ Like worthless weeds, to perish in his blast;
 “ To pine and languish, like the wretched flocks
 “ His snows imprison in their mountain cells; *

—“ Forbid

* “ The sheep, being left upon the open heaths, seek to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather among the hollows upon the lee-side of the mountains. Here they are frequently buried under the snow for several weeks together; and in severe seasons during two months or upwards. *They eat their own and each other’s wool,* and hold out wonderfully under cold and hunger; but, even in moderate winters, a considerable number are generally found dead, after the snow has disappeared; and, in rigorous seasons, few or none are left alive.”

KNOX.

—“ Forbid it, Mercy! and prevent it You!

“ Who, at a Nation's helm as pilots stand,

“ To guard her from the rocks and adverse gales

“ Which threaten danger to her gen'ral weal.

“ Compassion is your Country's attribute.

“ A kind celestial principle that beams

“ In all her children's eyes. And shall those eyes,

“ Whence flows a tear for ev'ry *stranger's* tale

“ (If fraught with genuine woe) with heedless gaze,

“ Behold a *Sister-Kingdom's* wretchedness?

“ But, if *Compassion*, o'er ideal griefs,

“ Be doom'd to weep at Theatres alone,

“ Let *Interest* rouse you to redress their wrongs.

“ Or soon that * Land, which British armies strove,

F 2

In

* America: To prove that this apprehension is by no means chimerical or without foundation, the Reader is referred to Mr. Knox's “View of the British Empire:” a work to which the Author of this Poem is much indebted for information.

" In vain, to teach Allegiance, will possess
 " Those Highland Warriors, whose immortal Sires
 " Wak'd Ossian's Muse of Fire.—O persevere
 " To smoothe the rigours of their hapless state !
 " Release them from Oppression's galling yoke ;
 " On all their coasts bid Commerce shed its smiles ;
 " Thro' all their islands Culture's aid extend,
 " To chear their toil and soften Nature's frown :
 —" Then, as the Stork supports his aged Sire,
 " Their grateful arms shall, in th' embattl'd field,
 " Untarnish'd, succour old Britannia's cause ;
 " Shall spread her glory thro' remotest worlds,
 " And share her triumphs to the end of Time." *

* The preceding Poem was originally published in the year 1787. For the generous reception which it then met with, as well as for the flattering Commendations of honourable Criticism † which were then bestowed upon it, the Author will ever feel the liveliest sense of Gratitude.----Happy will he deem himself if the Pieces which follow experience similar Favour and Distinction.

† See Monthly Review for December, 1787.

O D E

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF NOTTINGHAM AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

SCENE of my Birth and early Days!

Where many a varied Bliss I've known,

As thee I view fond Mem'ry strays

To Moments pass'd near thee alone ;

All other scenes away retire,

Like the fal'n-meteor's lambent fire,

And leave the Mind unoccupied and free,

Possess'd and fill'd alone, my native Town! with Thee.

Much

Much have I lov'd, and laugh'd, and wept
In the fair scenes which round thee smile;
Unpain'd by Manhood's Cares, have slept,
And undisturb'd by mental guile:
In youthful Sport and Frolic gay,
Life's transient Morning pass'd away.
Some *truant-hours* produc'd their after-pain;
But School Dominion o'er, young Pleasure smil'd
again.

Thus chequer'd is our *riper* age
By Sorrow's oft succeeding Joy;
But new-born Blessings soon assuage
The griefs that form'd the late Alloy.—
This has my changeful Fortune been
While far from thee, my natal Scene!
Doom'd to Retirement or Life's busy round,
~~Alternate~~ Grief and Joy Time's fleeting hours I've
found.

Long

Long may the Arts' effulgent Star
 The Place distinguish of my birth!
 Long may'st thou flourish, fam'd afar
 For FREEDOM, TRUTH, and MANLY WORTH!
 Long may the Labours of the Loom
 Thy Sons defend from Want and Gloom,
 Blessing thy peopled scene with Peace and Wealth!
 And may thy Daughters fair long bloom in roscate
 Health!
 With these, thy Nymphs of loveliest mien,
 Happy have pass'd the light-wing'd hours,
 In Park, or Plain, or Meadows green,
 'Mid Sneinton's Rocks, or Colwick's Bow'rs; *
 Oh! grant me, thus, again to rove,
 Kind Heav'n! each Scene, each Field, and Grove;
 Or

* Delightful Scenes round Nottingham.

Or stray, emblush'd with Ev'ning's crimson beam,
Where Trent, in placid mood, rolls by his rev'rend
Stream,

Like that fair Stream, when, thro' the meads,
His silver current, soft and flow,
With sweetly-varying course he leads,
May all my future moments flow !
May no disast'rous wintry Storm
With Sorrow swell, with Rage deform :
But, as his waves pass smoothly to the Sea,
So may Life's current glide to bless'd Eternity !

T H E
T E A R
TO A LADY:

ON SEEING HER WEEP AT THE MISERIES OF WAR.

"Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye."

YOUNG.

THOSE costly Pearls which, pendant from thine
ear,

Smile, as if fond their glowing charms to show,
Are not so lovely as that falling Tear,

Which sympathetic Pity bids to flow,

Not dew-drops trembling on the blossom'd thorn,

When Day's bright Regent first, in orient skies,

G

Receives

Receives the breathing Incense of the Morn,
Charm like the liquid crystals of thine Eyes.

Lucid and mild as is the ev'ning Star,
Those beaming Eyes their pure libation yield,
To expiate the crimson guilt of War,
And wash pollution from th' embattled field.

Thy beauteous Cheek, where palely blooms the rose,
The sacred Drops reluctant seem to leave ;
Each feels endearment as it lingering flows,
And had each Tear an eye, each Tear wou'd grieve.

So down some Fountain's Flow'r-enamel'd side,
(In pearly streams descending soft and flow)
Flows the mild bounty of the limpid tide,
And laves the roses as they bending grow.

VERSES

TO

THE REVEREND MR. MOSS.

SENT WHEN THESE POEMS WERE SUBMITTED TO HIS

INSPECTION.

ERE the young Lark, with new-fledg'd pinions, tries
To wing his tow'ring passage to the skies,
He, pre-instructed by his tuneful Sire,
Knows to what heights, with safety, to aspire.
First he lights fearful on the hillock green,
And eyes with wonder the surrounding scene,
There, list'ning, sits to learn th' aërial lay,
Afraid to follow lest his flight betray :
At last, embolden'd, from the earth he springs,
Shakes his fresh plumes, and his own carol sings.

So, taught by thee, my inexperience'd Mind
 Shall, all its Flights, by Prudence, feel confin'd;
 Shall *rise*, where thou a safe ascent shalt show,
 And *sink*, when soar'd ^{too} ~~to~~ high from scenes below.—
 That Heart which (taught each gen'rous Thought to
 scan)

“ Pitied the Sorrows of the poor old Man,”*
 Will for thy *suppliant Friend*, each want supply,—
 Repress each doubt, and dissipate each sigh;
 Will kindly aid his not inglorious Aim,
 And to his footsteps smooth—the rugged ^{steps of} ~~steps~~ to Fame.

* “ The Beggar's Petition :” Of which beautiful and justly-
 admired Poem, Mr. Moss is the author.

THE

T H E

R U I N *

TIME—*An Autumnal Evening.*

-----“ I doe love these ancient Ruines,
“ We never tread upon them but we set
“ Our Foote upon some rev'rend Historie.”

WEBSTER'S “ Dutchess of Malfey,”

SUNK is the Sun, and cool the passing gale,
Wither'd each charm which Nature gave to Spring;
The ruffet spoil lies scatter'd o'er the dale
Where Silence sits to hear the Red-breast sing.

Far

* “ Whatever makes the Past, the Distant, or the Future pre-
“ dominate over the Present, advances us in the dignity of think-
“ ing beings. Far from me and from my Friends, be such frigid
“ Philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over
“ any Ground which has been dignified by Wisdom, Bravery, or
“ Virtue!

Far other music boast these Time-worn Tow'rs ;
The wind harsh whistles thro' their chinky walls,
Where Ivy creeps 'midst faded wild-born flow'rs,
And, echoing round, the Screech-Owl's note appalls,

Resounding hoarsely, from a neighb'ring wood
The falling Torrent foams its hasty way
O'er rugged stones, which break th' impetuous flood,—
But vainly strive its bellowing waves to stay,

Fal'n from its rocky eminence sublime,
Lies the huge Pile, which War's rude shock defied,
A formless mass,—the work of mighty Time,
The Monument and Monitor of Pride.

Where
“ Virtue ! That man is little to be envied, whose Patriotism would
“ not gain force upon the Plain of *Marathon*, or whose Pity would
“ not grow warmer among the Ruins of *Iona*.”

JOHNSON.

Where loathed Vermin, in their murky cells;

Pafs; unmolested, their inglorious day;

Where, wrapt in sleep, the Bat securely dwells,

Or idly wings her ev'ning hour away.

Departed Grandeur!—cou'd these stones assume

Historic pow'r to tell thy pristine fame,

The torch of Truth shou'd thy dark reign illume,

And bright Description kindle from the flame.

Then each mute witness, hasting to decay,

Might tell what scenes were whilom here display'd;

What ancient Dames here sung th' heroic lay,

Mov'd in the dance, or nightly masquerade:

What titled Warriors grac'd the splendid Ball,

In all the pride of Chivalry and Show;

What Trophies hung within the sounding Hall,

The blood-stain'd Spoil of some illustrious Foe:

What

What am'rous vows, express'd in courtly guise;

The list'ning Fair to wretchedness have led ;

What doughty Champion of gigantic size

Sent the Despoiler to the mighty Dead:

What rich Possessors fed the neighb'ring Poor ;

What Tournaments they fought, and how they fell:

—These, with innum'rous tales and deeds of yore,

The moss-grown Reliques of the Pile might tell.

But, sadly silent, they keep mouldering on,

Shaken full oft by Ruin's palsied hand ;

And, when some fleeting seasons more are gone,

Nowreck of Pride and Grandeur here shall stand.

Thus, worn with Age, must thou, O Man! become

A WALKING RUIN, on Life's shelving shore,

At last to perish in th' oblivious Tomb ;

But summon'd thence, thou shalt decay no more,

Then

Then, the stupendous Fabrick of the World,
 The starry frame, the air, the earth, the sea,
 Shall, to chaotic Ruin, all be hurl'd;
 And wearied Time rest in Eternity.*

* For the following elegant verses (chiefly allusive to the preceding poem) the author is indebted to the judicious Friend whose Name he had the Honour to prefix to the fourth piece in the volume.

" To the Reverend L. BOOKER.

" May the fair Pile which thy ingenious hand
 Has rear'd to shed its lustre o'er the Land,
 Smile with increasing Beauty, and enjoy
 A fostering Sunshine, and a favouring Sky!
 By native strength repel each threat'ning Blow,
 And ward the Danger of the deadliest Foe!
 In years remote look fresh as in its Prime,
 And brave the Ravage of destructive Time!

T. Moss."

H

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIII.

IMITATED.

HOW happy must their Dwelling be?
How blest'd their moments prove!

Who live in Concord and delight
In Offices of Love!

Domestic Love is like that Oil
Which, from the Patriarch's head
Descending, thro' the ambient air
Its balmy influence spread.

Less sweet the Dews which Night distils
On beds of opening Flow'rs;
Or those which fall on Hermon's brow,
Or Sion's sacred bow'rs.

How

How blest'd, then, must *their* Dwelling be!

Their Lot how happy prove!

Who live in Concord, and delight

In Offices of Love!

H 2

TO

T O
A L A D Y

ON THE LOSS OF A DAUGHTER.

• • • • • "Heaven doth convey
"Those first from the dark prison of their clay
"Who are most fit for Heaven:" • • • • •

Ancient Poetry.

AH, gentle Mourner! wherefore grieve? "refrain
Thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from
tears;" *

The much-lov'd Babe thou mourn'st hath join'd that
train

Whose term of being is unnumber'd years:
To more than recompense thy present cares,
Again, invested with celestial charms,
It shall be giv'n to thy maternal arms.

• Jeremiah, Ch. 31. v. 16.

Borne

Borne from those arms, by Innocence and Truth,
To the fair regions of its native sky,
It there, sweet Rose-bud! in immortal youth,
Shall blossom, never, never more to die:
The fond delight of thy parental eye,
There it now blooms with a sweet *Kindred Flow'r*
Like it transplanted at an early hour.

These thou shalt find (when thou forsak'st this sod)
Together smiling in that better clime,
Where ever blooms the Paradise of God
In springs unravag'd by destroying Time;
Where white-wing'd Hosts, un sullied with a crime,
Shall lead thee where spice-breathing zephyrs blow,
Eternal rivers roll, and living fountains flow.

T H B

E U C H A R I S T.

“ Fly, ye Profane !----If not draw near with awe
“ Receive the Blessing, and adore the means
“ That threw, in this Bethesda, your disease.”

YOUNG,

O Lost to their true happiness! who fly
The Cup of Life for Vice's specious bowl
Inebriating with Misery and Death :
Who slight the sacred Food that gives the mind
Immortal vigour and immortal bliss,
To grasp the fruits of Bitterness and Woe !

Banquet most pure of Charity divine !
By HIM ordain'd who gave Creation birth,
And bled to save the Millions who defac'd

His

His righteous image,—bled to make them blest!

—Millions?—where are they, who the dying will,

Of their Deliv'rer gratefully obey?—

—Happy the few who rev'rence his Command,

And, in memorial of his wondrous Love,

(Each other loving) at his Altar meet!

Who thence (with pure Devotion's fervor warm'd,

And solac'd with approving minds) retire

To spread Endearment thro' domestic scenes,

Thro' public life, Integrity and Peace,—

Friends of their race and Favourites of Heav'n.

Ye whom the smiles and bloom of Youth adorn!

Add yet, to these, the Beauty (brightest deem'd)

Of Holiness, oft bearing Virtue's name;

And in your mem'ry that illustrious Friend,

Whose Suff'rings won you Glory, ever bear

Remember him; and let your grateful feet,

In Life's fair morn, conduct you to partake
His feast of Love.—The vernal tide is short.
The Rose shall fade,—the charms of life be o'er,
And all its honours perish in the dust :
But, rob'd with Virtue, ye shall bloom again,
(No more to perish) in eternal spring.

Ye who (immers'd in Life's unceasing cares)
Are doom'd to pass your hours in needful toil !
Wrest some short moments from the busy day,
And give them wings to bear your thoughts to HIM
Who years endur'd of Wretchedness for you.—
In fond solicitude for *temp'ral* joys
And riches frail, ah ! lose not those whose worth
Is infinite, and durable as Heav'n.

Ye hoary Mortals ! whose declining fun
Sheds a pale lustre on your eve of life,

Look

Look, ere the feeble light that yet remains
Sink in th' abyfs profound of Death's dark night,—
Look on the scene you've pass'd, and mark the blots
That stain Existence :—mark the mazy path
You've trod, wide wand'ring from the destin'd goal,
Which now your feet, tho' loth, full fast approach,
Unable to return or wander more.

—Yet a few moments, O unhonour'd Age!
And sunk's thy fun FOR EVER!—Haste, and make
An int'rest in Eternity.—Extend
Thy wither'd hand to take the Bread of Life :
Put to thy quivering lips Salvation's Cup,
And Life's short Remnant dedicate to Heav'n.*

Ah! cou'd the Muse, with more than angel-tongue,
Attune her lay to win th' averted ear
Of wayward Vice! Ah! cou'd her numbers strike

I

Com-

* See LAMONT'S Sermons.

Compunction to the heart of Avarice
 Of wild erratic Passion, and Revenge,
 Misnam'd insulted Honour.—Then shou'd Peace
 Shed her mild influence o'er the minds of men,—
 Conduct to th' Altar of her Lamb-like Prince
 Their willing feet, and point a flow'ry path
 To Happiness immortal and sublime.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

The preceding piece is part of a Poem upon an extensive plan, under the title of REDEMPTION; which (for the present at least) the author has relinquished his intention of completing.---- The Sublimity of the Subject awes him into Silence. Indeed where MILTON failed, who can expect to succeed?

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
 Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
 Non me carminibus vincet, nec summus Miltonus,
 Nec Vida

VIRG. Ecl. 4th.

TO THE
WOODBINE.

FLAUNTING with the playful gale,
Freshen'd by the recent flow'r,
Breathing perfumes through the dale,
From thy Fancy-woven bow'r—

Sweetest Flow'r that decks the plain,
The hill, or where the streamlet flows!
Thou shalt equal sway maintain
With the loveliest flow'r that blows.

Ever,—let me ever stray
Where thy honied beauties bloom,
And when Death forbids my stay,
Shed thy fragrance o'er my tomb!

A N
E L E G Y

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER,
FOR WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD AN EARLY AND LASTING
AFFECTION.

Hoc, Amice! tibi poema feci,
Ex quo perspiceres meum dolorem.

CATULLUS AD LICINIUM.

WHILE Fashion's Vot'ries, thro' Britannia's Isle,
Vainly extend "the mockery of Woe,"*
My tearful eyes, to *them*, the chearful smile
Resign, and with unfeigned Sorrows flow.

The

* Written during the general Mourning for the Princess
Amelia, in 1786.

The weeping Muse this Cypress Off'ring brings;

Nor will thine heart her trivial gift disdain:

The Sigh of Sorrow sweeps the trembling strings,

And bids them sadly to thine ear complain.

Thy Friend (ah once,—too fond, illusive thought!

Thy *Brother* he aspiring hop'd to prove)

Thy pitying Friend, by true Affection taught,

Effays thy Grief's rude anguish to remove.

Soon as thy Tale of various ills* he knew,

Pangs sympathetic in his bosom rose:

E'en now the tears his faded cheeks bedew;—

Then, as he *feels*, Oh! let him *share*, thy woes!

And those he shares not, let Religion's balm

Sooth into peace.—She, to thy Care-worn breast

Will

* Besides the loss of this Sister, other members of his Family were, at the time, visited with a dangerous sickness.

Will kindly give a sweet perennial calm,

Will lull thy sorrows to eternal rest.

For, Heaven, all-wise, beneficent and just,

Oft dooms to Mis'ry those it dearest loves,

Oft bows its favour'd children to the dust,

Then more exalts the Virtue thus it proves,

Its ways mysterious, shall my darkling Mind,

(Depress'd by Sorrow,—Reason-scorning Pow'r!)

Youthful and rash, now dare to deem unkind,

And spend, in murmurs wild, the live-long hour?

Ah! my MARIA! when thy Form so fair,

And fairer Virtues wak'd my spotless Love,

Little it ween'd that envious Death wou'd bear

Away so soon those Charms to shine above.

What were th' emotions of my faithful breast,

When first pale Sickness o'er thy beauteous form

Her

Her Langours shed!—By boding fears oppress'd,

It felt the horrors of a threat'ning storm.

To rural Scenes, where Health and Quiet dwell

I saw thee, lovely Patient! slow repair,

And oft, to Heav'n, as * * * — * * * 's groves can tell,

For thee I weeping breath'd the ardent pray'r.

That pray'r was heard: and, O more wish'd than Wealth!

The vernal Breezes, to thy pallid face,

Enamour'd, gave the soft salute of Health,

And left thee blushing at their fond embrace.*

But short, alas! the Transport Hope inspir'd:

The fell Assailant, with relentless hand,

Destroy'd the new-blown Roses Love admir'd,

And, where they bloom'd, left Lilies sickly bland.

Then

* See the Invocation, a Pastoral, 1st vol. of the Author's juvenile Productions, p. 77.

Then some sad Prefage to thy heav'nly Mind
Reveal'd the tidings of thy destin'd doom,
While hov'ring Angels, thy attendants kind,
Pointed to realms of Light beyond the Tomb.
Then tender Mercy bade thy heart with-hold
The soft Completion of my fond Desire,
Thy wish was gen'rous when I thought thee cold,
And heard thee bid my hapless Love expire.
For, hadst thou been (in pity) *falsely* kind,
With thy blest Spirit, Reason hence had fled,
And I (abandon'd to a fev'rish mind)
In wild Delirium, sought my SYLVIA * dead.
Oft, wou'd Illusion, to my wakeful eye,
Have form'd thee blooming in thy native charms,
And

* A name by which she is called in some of the Author's other poems.

And made me, with a Husband's transport, fly
To fold a fleeting Shadow in my arms.

Thus, early, might the Demon of Despair
Have sunk Life's glories in a cheerless grave;
But thou didst kindly, with an Angel's care,
Destroy my hopes, my nobler pow'rs to save,
Then, still thy Name shall hallow many a sigh;
Still, to my Love, thy Mem'ry shall be dear;
Long, in thy Tomb, my widow'd heart shall lie,
And claim, for thee, the tributary Tear.

" Ah MARIA !

" Puellarum elegantissima

" Ah Flore venustatis abrepta,

" Vale !

" Heu quanto minus est

" Cum reliquis versari

" Quam tui

" Meminisse."

WRITTEN IN A GROTTTO, THE FAVOURITE
RETREAT OF TWO AMIABLE SISTERS.

HENCE depart, intrusive Care!

Melancholy ! wild Despair !

Pride ! with haughty scornful mien,

Sorrow ! Mis'ry's ruthless queen ;

Hence, to Vice's lurid cell,

For here the lovely Virtues dwell.

This their Moss-clad, still Retreat,

Hallow'd by their guileless feet,

Where is Art by them display'd

In Nature's choicest Gifts array'd ;

Crysal fossil,—pearly shell

Glow where the lovely Virtues dwell.

TO
A L A D Y

WITH DOCTOR DOWNMAN'S POEM

"ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN."

"Thine is the Nursery's Charge."

TH' Aëonian Maidens (with spontaneous gift
Of Elegance and sweetest-sounding Lyre)

Hygeia, blushing nymph, to Downman sent,—

Downman, Apolle's doubly-favour'd son,

Endued with truest Æsculapian skill,

And sacred Poësy's ethereal fire.

Blest with the gift, he struck the dulcet strings

To themes accordant with parental breasts—

Their Infant Charge.—How to upraise (secure
From countless Ills which crowd their early day)
The blooming race, in tender strains he sings,
To Thee he sings, fair Mother! needing much
His lay preceptive.—By Affection rul'd,
Thy gentle Heart indulgences, which verge
On fatal Fondness, haply may bestow.
For 'tis not strength of Intellect that forms
The perfect Parent—or this gift is Thine,
Affection triumphs o'er the strongest mind,
And leads its Pow'rs in chains, Where liveliest glows
This tender Principle, from Nature drawn,
Fond Error reigns most frequent.—Bless'd by Heav'n
With Offspring blooming like the roseate morn
In wish'd succession, from thy Friend receive
Th' attendant Tribute: and, to Thee and Thine,
May it (perus'd by thy maternal eye,
And stor'd within thy soul refin'd and pure)

A lasting

A lasting Blessing prove!—Around thy Form
(Beauteous as her's* who wak'd the warring world)
May Loves and Graces, knit in sportful dance,
Smile, and reflect into thy glist'ning eye
Each happy Semblance of thy native Charms.

• Helen.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH.

To the Memory

OF

HESTER BOOKER;

WHOSE PURE AND BENEVOLENT SPIRIT

LEFT THIS WORLD FOR A BETTER

JUNE 29TH, 1788, AGED 21 YEARS.

By fond Affection to thy Friends endear'd,

By Worth ennobled, and by all rever'd,

Go, gentle Spirit ! to the realms above,

And share with Angels thy Redeemer's Love.

TO THE
IVY TREE.

WRITTEN ON PLANTING IT UNDER THE RUINS OF
DUDLEY CASTLE.

“WIND, gentle EVERGREEN!” thy spreading arms
Round Dodo’s* ancient Tow’rs; and, from
the blast

Of Winter, shield them with thy mantling charms,

That they to Time’s remotest morn may last.

Lodg’d

* “Dudley Castle is said to have been built by one Dodo, or
“Dudo, a Saxon, about the year 700; so that its present appellation of Dudley is a corruption of his name.----This Castle
“stands on the summit of a rocky hill, whose sides are beautifully
“wooded. It commands a most extensive prospect over five
“counties, and into part of Wales. It belongs to Lord Ward,
“whose Father was, by King George the 3d, April 21st, 1763,
“created Viscount Dudley and Ward of Dudley.”

GROSE.

Lodg'd in thy leaves, the Birds of various wing
Shall, unrestrain'd, their mossy mansions form,
And, 'round each pondering Visitant, shall sing,
Safe from the truant school-boy and the storm,
Spread, gentle EVERGREEN! thy branches kind
O'er Dodo's Castle—aweful in decay :
Let them around his loftiest Turrets wind,
And deck with sober green his Ruins grey.—
Ah! cou'd I, thus, the wretched Poor and Old
(Shatter'd by Time and worn with cruel Cares)
Shield with a Cov'ring from the piercing Cold,
And bless with comfort their declining years !
More sweet, fair EVERGREEN ! the Task would be
Than, round these aged Tow'rs, implanting thee.

A REMONSTRANCE.
THE
AUTHOR TO HIS HEART
A

REMONSTRANCE.

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.

CATULLUS AD SEIPSUM.

AH! wayward fond and foolish Heart!
To love what thou must ne'er possess,—
To sigh for Charms, which but impart
Each mental pang of keen distress.
The Slave that digs Golconda's Mine
(No more his native plains to see)
Oft sighs for Freedom's charms divine,
And, in his fate, resembles thee.

L

What

What to *his* mind are Freedom's charms,
To thee, fond Heart! is thy lov'd Fair:
Hope, either Captive never warms,
But both are victims to Despair.

Ah! cease then, fond and foolish Heart!
To love what thou must ne'er possess,—
To sigh for Charms which but impart
Each mental pang of keen distress.

Remonstrance vain! The frequent sigh,
The pangs which Love's soft miseries give,
Convince, alas! when it shall die,
That thou, fond Heart! wilt cease to live.

T H R

WOUNDED THRUSH.

A Wounded Thrush I lately found,

And ran to take the prize ;

Its bleeding wings oft beat the ground,—

But, ah! it cou'd not rise.

I caught it soon, and view'd with grief

Its palpitating breast ;

And, as its fears implor'd relief,

I thus the bird address'd :—

" Ah! be not fearful, luckless Bird!

" That I will do thee wrong ;

" Again may those sweet notes be heard

" That form'd thy woodland song !

" Wounded, alas! like thee, am I

" A Captive all forlorn,

" Wounded by beauteous Delia's eye,

" Whose chains I long have worn.

" Then think not that I'll e'er annoy

" The fellow-wretch I've found ;

" But will each tender care employ

" To heal the cruel wound."—

Restor'd by genial aid and food,

It soon its wings cou'd spread ;

When, in my bosom, to a wood

I bore it, and thus said :

" Go, little Warbler ! now depart,—

" Again, sweet Bird ! be free ;

" For, by the pang that racks my heart

" I'm taught to pity thee."

Sooth'd

Sooth'd by the deed, I homeward took

My solitary way,

While Morn her breezy Perfumes shook

From ev'ry flow'ry spray.

Pensive I said—"How truly blest'd

"Who bind the broken heart!

"Who, to the friendless and distress'd,

"A kind relief impart!

"If Pity to the *brute* thus chears

"The sympathetic mind,

"How exquisite the Pleasure their's

"Who bless the *human* kind!

"*Their's* is the bliss which Angels feel,

"When Guilt's deep-wounded breast,

"With Mercy's lenient balm, they heal

"And lull its fears to rest."

THE
KISS
A SONG.

BALMY pledge of Love sincere,

Sweeter than the dewy Rose,

Rapture unalloy'd by care,

Whence perennial pleasure flows,

Sweeter than the morning breeze,

Wafted over op'ning flow'rs,

Or the bloom of hawthorn trees,

After May's pellucid show'rs.

These, my Fair, like transient Youth,

Boast their sweets, and disappear;

But thy Lips, adorn'd by Truth,

Breathe their sweetness all the year.

TO

TO
MISS B.

WITH THE PRECEDING SONG.

WILL the gift of a Kiss meet the frowns of a Prude,
And say will the Giver be deem'd worse than rude?

Will the Off'ring *alarm* you, or waken your ire,

And, like a base libel, be doom'd to the fire?

—"What! alarm'd at a *Kiss*?" asks Good-Nature and
smiles,

"Why, what fatal disaster, what danger or wiles,

"Can the old-fashion'd custom to *Virtue* produce?—

"What is sanction'd by Time, can't be fatal from Use."

Thus reason's Good-Nature, the boast of the Fair,
Save of such as wou'd flint a poor-soul to despair,
And fly from a Kiss, like a bird from a snare:

Yet

Yet these *sensitive* whimsies, too common in life;
 Become neither Maiden, nor Widow, nor Wife:
 —Nor *Wife* did I say?—But how seldom we see
 A coy *kissless* Coquette in so blest a degree!
 No: 'tis Virtue like your's, grac'd with Freedom and

Ease,

That Love's passion must wake, and in Wedlock will
 please:

'Tis guileless Good-Humour, the Sun of the mind,
 Whose beams warm and melt the rude hearts of
 mankind,

That benignly illumines Life's short Summer with bliss,
 And that sooths all its woes with a *Conjugal Kiss*.

T O

MISS HELEN CARTER

ON HER SENDING THE AUTHOR SOME ELEGANT, YET
TOO COMPLIMENTARY VERSES. *

THE lovely Wreath thy partial hand has wove,
To deck an undistinguish'd poet's brow,
Claims this small spray, from that Parnassian grove,
Where ever-blooming Garlands for thee Grow :

M. J. Whence

* In *subjoining* these Verses the author of the answer may probably be charged with Vanity. To *deny* the charge would be adding *Crime* to *Frailty* : therefore, like a conscientious Culpit, he confesses himself "*guilty.*" For, who would *not* be vain of a Favour from One who possesses the Talents of Minerva and the Beauty of Venus ?----But *Vanity* is not the *only* principle that stimulates him to display the *laureate-wreath* with which he has been honoured.----To conceal it,----to suffer it

" to bloom unseen,

"And waste its Sweetness in the desert air,"

would

Whence, ev'ry Muse that Genius' bosom fires,
 With choicest Gift endues thy tender years;
 While Rapture listens to their golden lyres,
 And, wond'ring, sheds involuntary tears.

If thou cou'dst *harm* the object of thy Praise,
 Thy sweetly-flowing verse would make him vain,

But

would indicate a want of *Gratitude* to his fair Encomiast.---“To
 “display the Favour we have received,” says a sensible Writer,
 “is a proof of Esteem,----a kind of Thanksgiving to the Donor;
 “while the *Concealment* of it is an indication either of Pride or
 “Dissatisfaction. It carries in it a reflection highly injurious to
 “the Honour and Generosity of the Person who gave it, and
 “tacitly insinuates that we slight the Benefit.”

DOWNES.

An apology also seems necessary on the part of the Author for
 placing the Production of a Lady *after* his own, particularly when
 the Merits of that Production entitle it to *Precedency*. On this he
 begs leave to observe that, whenever *Danger* threatens, it is the
 Duty of the *stronger* Sex to encounter it before the *weaker*. There-
 fore,

But VIRTUE (dazzled in her own bright blaze)

Will oft admire what Justice might disdain,

Lodg'd at a distance from the Trav'ler's eye,

Some empty Pageant seems a graceful form,

Which, when with weary steps approaching nigh,

Will scarce protect him from the threat'ning storm.

M 2

Then

fore, Gallantry, he hopes, will sanction his Compliance, in this
instance, with Custom.

TO THE
GROVES OF HAGLEY.

Inscribed to the REVEREND L. ROOKER,

YE hallow'd shades! where Innocence and Truth

Train'd up your LYTTELTON from earliest youth,

Whose artless beauties did his Muse inspire,

And wake to melody his plaintive lyre :

Say, when the Angel of relentless Death

Repress'd, with ruthless hand, your Fav'rite's breath,

Did

Then why, sweet Flatt'rer! wilt thou strive to raise
The humblest equal to the loftiest Name?—

To be exaltad in thy laureat Lays

Compeer with LYTTELTON, is more than Fame,

His noble Bark adown the tide of Time

Will proudly fail to the immortal Shore,—

His

Did not the Naiads in your haunts deplore

That Bard whose lute must charm those haunts no more? *

Did not each Grove and pensive Flow'ret mourn,

And sighing wish their Minstrel to return?----

They did : And *Sensibility*, the Maid

Who left *Elysium* for the rural shade,

Droop'd

* The Author wishes to defend this monosyllabic line of his fair Friend from Pope's censure "And ten low words" &c. The Critic has ingeniously so constructed his line as to be an example or instance of the lines which merit reprobation : it consists of exactly *ten low, inelegant words*. But in so constructing it he did not mean to cast an opprobrium upon *every* line that should consist of the same *Number* of words, but of words of the same *Quality*. For a line may be elegant though form'd only of Monosyllables. Such is the line (at least four words in it) which occasions these remarks.

TO MISS HELEN CARTER.

85

His Name illustrious and his strain sublime

Will live, when *mine*, alas! shall be no more.

Yet, taught by thee, where He erst lov'd to sing,

Where He attun'd to Lucy's charms his lay
(Sequester'd near some cool pellucid spring)

In humbler strains, I'll pass the fultry day :

Or

Droop'd, like a weeping willow, o'er his bier,
Heav'd the full sigh, and shed the sorrowing tear ;
When *Genius* thus, in accents sweetly-mild,
Address'd his lovely, meek-ey'd, fav'rite child.

“ Why thus, my Daughter ! dost thou ceaseless mourn,

“ And bathe, in deep despair, that sacred Urn ?

“ Think not, too gentle, sympathizing Maid !

“ The Muses will forsake the Sylvan shade ;

“ Think not the GROVES OF HAGLEY will remain

“ Unconscious of the Poet's dulcet strain :

“ A BOOKER'S Muse shall next their charms display

“ To those who never may those charms survey.

“ The tuneful *Bard* shall with the *Priest* combine,

“ And none, like him, shall charm in themes divine :

“ For “ themes divine come mended from his tongue,”

“ And Nature warbles in his plaintive song.

In

Or where that * Bard's harmonious lyre was strung,
 Whose tender verse each bosom deems divine;
 Where DELIA'S virtues He so sweetly sung
 My grateful heart shall meditate on THINE. †

* Shenstone.

† The Author's Residence is near the delightful scenes of *Hagley*
 and the *Leasowes*.

" In manners open, generous, and mild,
 " Friend of the Nine, and Nature's fav'rite child,
 " In every Sorrow he will bear a part,
 " And melt to softness the obdurate heart;
 " With artless grandeur paint the flow'ry mead,
 " And forth, in spotless robes, *Religion* lead.

" Then cease that gentle Minstrel to deplore
 " Whose tuneful tongue must glad the world no more,
 " Who'erst, so well the various charms pourtray'd
 " That deck the mountain or embow'ring shade:
 " For BOOKER, in as mild and sweet a lay,
 " Shall paint the beauties which these scenes display,
 " Shall lead the *Graces* to the vernal bow'r,
 " Bid *Vice* be dumb and own *Religion's* pow'r.

HELEN."

TO
THE REVEREND,

ROBERT FOLEY, M.A.

WITH A POETICAL SATIRE ON DR. CADOGAN; CALLED
"THE DOCTOR DISSECTED."

AN EPISTLE.

DEAR Sir, as Cadogan perhaps you ne'er read
(At least his *sage* maxims ne'er trouble your head)

And as with the bane* he defines your infected,

I herewith transmit you "the Doctor dissected."

But, since for that case which resembles your own,
That Gout more the parent of Mirth than of Moan,

His

* The Gout.

His fam'd "dissertation" was never intended,
 I think, by *your* aid, the design might be mended.

Then say, my good Friend, (that your brethren
 may know)

Why the eye beams a smile when diseas'd is the toe?

Why the mind shines unclouded, the Genius informs,

While Pain on the body exhausts all her storms?

Why to Virtue such powers heroic belong?

For, while pangs rack the *foot* humour flows from the
tongue.

Prescribe for Impatience : teach Passion the Art;

To each crutch'd Invalid the Specifick impart :

Them teach, like yourself, in Philosophy's chain,

All murmurs to bind, to be cheerful in pain :

Tho' confin'd to be free in the region of *Fun*;

Tho' lame to be able to make a *sound Pun*.

Unfold this new Science, and gain from each nation
Immortal reward for the kind Publication.

Enrich'd by such Nostrums, such Virtues as these,
The book *all* will read to *acquire* the disease.
Editions in torrents will teem from the press,
And cripples, in flannel, the Author will bless :
Wit, warm as Cayenne, o'er the haunch will abound,
And Humour as sweet as a jelly be found :
Hilarity, brisk as Falernian flow
And the Gout be no longer attack'd as a foe.

T O

E L I Z A,

ON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH A PURSE.

— **A** Purse for a Poet? alas! my sweet Friend,
 The Gift prompts my heart to incur *that* fell curse*
 Which the Muses decree shall their Vot'ries attend,
 And *Riches* apart, where's the use of a *Purse*?

'Tis like the Hibernian's chaise which he gain'd
 In exchange for the horse for whose use 'twas
 design'd,
 And the animal gone—what was idly obtain'd
 Did but furnish fresh wants and distress to his
 mind.

'Tis

* i. e. Poverty; which the Proverb has annexed to all who
 are *guilty* of writing Poetry.

'Tis like—nay, Eliza, to censure forbear,
The comparison's just, tho' acknowledg'd by few:
'Tis an emblem of Friendship for those we revere,
Of the Friendship my heart has long nourish'd
for you.

"What! because it is *empty*?—For Friendship, they say,
"Is a name unsubstantial; a shadow soon gone;
"A flow'r only seen in Prosperity's ray,
"That lives long where there's *Wealth*, and soon
dies where there's *none*.

This surmise, from my meaning, my Fair, wanders
far;

The surmise of a Stoic in error grown old,
Whose passions with Reason are ever at war,
Whose Philosophy's vain, and whose bosom is cold.

If the Wife of that bosom be summon'd away
By Death to the regions of Silence and Rest;
If the Children she left follow her to decay,
No tear fills his eye, and no care wounds his
breast.

But to endless Oblivion let such be consign'd,
While in Friendship's soft *Meshes* my heart's held
secure ;
While in her *Silken Bonds* that Esteem is confin'd
Which will longer than riches or fetters endure.

TO

FRANCIS EGINTON, Esq.

ON SEEING HIS REPRESENTATION, ON GLASS, OF THE
CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL, INTENDED FOR THE
CHAPEL OF THAT NAME IN BIRMINGHAM.

PRESUMPTUOUS Thought! that urg'd thy
daring Mind

To strike, with Light, fell PERSECUTION blind!

—Lo! to the Earth her zealous Chieftain falls,

While pale-lip'd Fear his abject Train appalls!

—Awe-shook, behold! they vainly strive to shun

The Flood of Glory brighter than the Sun!

Thus, EGINTON! thy Genius bold “pursues
Things unattempted” by the plastic Muse;

Like

Like Him * whose Thoughts disdain'd a "middle
Flight,"

And, soaring, darted thro' empyreal Light.

Oh may the ARTS, with Admiration fir'd,
Reward the Genius which themselves inspir'd,
"Bestow thee all thy fondest wish can claim,
Unenvied Fortune, and unspotted Fame :"

—This Fame be thine ; and Envy's foulest breath
Shall never taint it with the blast of Death ;
For, while the Arts immortal Mem'ry give,
Thy Praise, thy Honour, and thy Name shall live.†

* Milton.

† Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.

VIRG.

TO
A
L A D Y ;

W I T H S O M E P E N S .

LONG since, 'tis true, by Promise bound, I ought
T'have form'd these Talismans of busy Thought;
But gentle Pity (kind, confid'rate maid!)
That Promise chided, and my Honour sway'd.
Borne on a little tempest form'd of sighs,
Her Doves and Redbreast brought her from the skies:
And, while before me lay the plummy spoil
Pluck'd from the tenants of some marshy foil,
She thus address'd me : " Ah! rash Youth! beware
" How thou suppliest with arms th' imperial Fair.

" Her

"Her charms, I ween, disturb some Suppliant's rest,
"And those may be as daggers to his breast.
"They may the mandate of Despair convey,
"Dim Hope's bright lamp, and cloud each future
day."

Thus said, she vanish'd from my wond'ring eye
On balmy breezes wafted to the sky;
But first, impress'd this precept on my mind:
"Enjoin the Nymph to pity and be kind."

T O T H E
NIGHTINGALE.

“ The wakeful Bird
“ Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
“ Tunes her nocturnal note.” MILTON.

HID in thy leafy bow'r, sweet Bird of Night !
Dost thou thy Love-tale warble to the Breeze,
Or to the Moon which sheds enamour'd light
Around thy haunt thro' softly waving trees ?
Ah no, thy Mate, fast by, on latent spray,
Lifts to the music of thy tender lay.
Nor does its sweetness flow but for thy Love,
The melting strain to me its charm conveys :
Ah! did my DELIA those emotions prove
Which thy soft notes in this rapt bosom raise,—
Did she but share thy plaintive song with me,
Tho' sweet that song far sweeter wou'd it be.

O

ODE

ODE

INSCRIBED TO

MR. AND MRS. -----,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

THE Day returns,—the festive Day,
When Hymen to the rural Fane
His youthful Fav'rites led away,
To share and sooth each other's pain :
To make the tide of Rapture roll
Serenely o'er th' enamour'd Soul
Where Purity and wedded Love combine,
Its deathless Pow'rs to train for happiness divine,

The Nymphs beheld with envious eye,
Fair EMMA to her DAMON giv'n ;
The Swains suppress'd the hopeless fight
For EMMA, fairest gift of heav'n :
But, Nymphs and Swains ! no more repine ;
For You, soon Hymen's torch shall shine
In smiling splendor from the realms above,
To light you to the Bow'r of soft connubial Love,

Then, like the Worth-ennobled Pair
Who now receive the Muse's meed,
May your defence from ev'ry care
Be ev'ry just and gen'rous deed !
For Heav'n delights such deeds to bless,
Nor, long will suffer fell distress
To wring the heart where Virtue rears her throne,
Rules with benignant sway, and makes its wants her
own.

Long may her pow'r avert each harm,
And gain from Heav'n each mild decree,
Preserve them from each rude alarm,
And bid them happy happy be !
Long may their darling blooming Boys
Prove to their breast a source of Joys,
Bless them thro' Youth and Age till Life be o'er,
And meet their fond embrace, on heav'n's eternal
shore.

ON HEARING MR. BELL REPREHENDED FOR SPELLING
SHAKESPEARE'S NAME *Shakspere*, IN AN ELE-
GANT EDITION OF HIS WORKS.

AN EXTEMPORE.

Ne vetus . . . Nomen mutare.

VIRG. *Æn.* 12th.

IN days of Chivalry, mankind
Had correspondent Names assign'd
To the distinction which they held
In Art and Science ; or excell'd
In War-Atchievements, Strength and Courage,—
Essentials to a life of Forage.

Hence *Ironsides*,—*Cœur-de Lion*,—
Immortal Names in Tale or Song.
Hence *Bowman*, *Spearman*, *Brandish*, *Longbow*,
With *Armstrong*, *Champion*, and *Strongbow* :

—These

—These, and a countless number more
Were names bestow'd in days of yore.

Among the rest that had its merit,
In those fam'd Times of Martial Spirit,
A *Shakespeare's* Name conspicuous shone,
With sterling lustre all its own,
Nor *alias* lack'd to make it known.

But whate'er lustre 'round the head
Of *Warrior-Shakespeare* erst was spread,
'Round his DESCENDENT's awful brow
That lustre shines with brighter glow ;
And while you blame ingenious *Bell*
For *Shakspere* daring him to spell,
Confess that, tho' he's robb'd his *Name*,
He's added Honour to his *Fame*.

H Y M N

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

As Sheep without a Shepherd stray
Where danger tempts with treach'rous smile,
So youthful feet, from Virtue's way,
Oft wander in the paths of Guile.

Poor was our birth, no friend to guide
Our thoughts to Him who gave us food,
To Him who for his creatures died,
And seal'd their Ransom with his blood.

Delightful Change !—O Bliss supreme !
To be from such distresses set free :—

Hence

Hence be sweet GRATITUDE our theme,
And artless PRAISE, O GOD! to Thee.

Thy honour'd Name and sacred Word,
ETERNAL FATHER! will we love;
Oft shall our infant Praise be heard,
And join'd by tuneful choirs above.

Oft shall this grateful ardent Pray'r
For all our GUARDIAN-FRIENDS ascend—
“Those Blessings may they ever share
“Which on the bounteous Good attend!”

ANOTHER

ANOTHER.

WHEN Judah's infant Prophet lay
Expos'd near Egypt's reedy deep,
Fair CHARITY there chanc'd to stray,
And heard the Friendless Orphan weep.

His tears her gentle bosom mov'd,
His state forlorn her pity drew,
A kind protecting Friend she prov'd,
A Guardian, and a Parent too.

This state forlorn was once our own,
Expos'd to Vice's gulphy sea,
Till christian Mercy round us shone,
And said—"From Wretchedness be free!"

Oh! may that God who taught your souls
To glow for others in distress,
Whose arm the rage of Fate controuls,
Your ev'ry Day with comfort bless!

And when Disease your frame affails,
And Death's dark hour approaches nigh,
May Hope increafe as Nature fails,
To sooth the anxious parting sigh!

And when the Dead shall quit their graves,
And Judgment's awful day be o'er,
May you with those your Goodness saves,
Assemble on the blisful shore!

STANZAS

WRITTEN DURING THE KING'S INDISPOSITION.

EXALTED high in Nature's plan,
Endued with dignity of soul,
The Reason-gifted Creature, Man,
Held wide dominion and controul;
But, soon, the FIRST ALMIGHTY CAUSE
Reveng'd His violated Laws,
And, drove to scenes of Sorrow and Disgrace,
From Eden's blissful bow'rs, the sin-fal'n, abject race.
A spacious Wild— a World of Care
(In whose dark womb each Mis'ry grows)
Receiv'd the wretched, wand'ring Pair,
And multiplied their recent woes :

Calamity and mental Pain,
Attended by a weeping train,
Hail'd their approach; and soon, terrific Death,
By Murder's fellest hand, suppress'd their fav'rite's
breath.

Such, on the first apostate Pair,
The chastisement of righteous Heav'n;
Whose bitter cup, to all who share
Primeval guilt, is justly giv'n;
But THOU, Creation's MIGHTY SIRE!
Who bid'st, amid Thy chast'ning ire,
The Angel, MERCY, sooth with lenient hand,
Oh! let that Angel smile on this afflicted Land!

With prostrate hearts and tearful eyes,
The *kindred Nations* humbly send

Their

Their Supplications to the skies,
For their terrestrial King and Friend :
And deign, O KING of kings! to hear
The plaint of their united Pray'r!
Let Joy and Health the Royal Dwelling bless,
And turn to joyous PRAISE, a Nation's wide Distress!

AMEN.

STANZAS

STANZAS

WRITTEN, ON THE KING'S RECOVERY.

BLESS'd be the Pow'r! whose watchful eye
Regards the Good with tenderest care,
Who bends from his pavillion high
To guard the world He form'd so fair,*
Whose arm omnipotent remov'd
Disease from him his choice approv'd
And with a kind immutable decree,
Enthron'd him in the hearts of British Legions free!

Bless'd be the Pow'r! whose Pity heard
The suppliant-realms' united prayer,†

Who

* Psalm 113. v. 5.

† Vox diversa sonat, Populorum vox tamen una,
Cum verus Patriæ diceris esse Pater.

MARTIAL.

STANZAS.

111

Who stemm'd the wrath their guilt incur'd,
 Nor doom'd them their deserved share!
 Bless'd be the Sov'reign of the skies!
 Whose Wrath is slow,—whose Mercy flies
 On healing Wing, and, with benignant Smile,
 Restores a Patriot-King, to bless a Patriot-Isle.

Bless'd be the Pow'r! whose bounteous hand
 With Plenty crowns the laughing hills
 Of this enlighten'd favour'd land,
 And e'en the friendless wand'rer fills!
 Oh! may that first of blessings, Peace,
 Dwell in our walls, and Discord cease
 (Fir'd with Ambition and invidious Hate)
 To turn celestial Truth from Wisdom's hallow'd gate!

Rapt with the bright Rewards of Heav'n
 Depicted in Redemption's page,

May

May Vice repentant,—Vice forgiv'n;
Bid Virtue hail the halcyon age :
When Treachery's detested name
(Lost to the hundred tongues of Fame)
Shall cease to wake in Life's resplendent day,
Inquietude, black fiend ! and Caution never gay.

Then shall Britannia's Sons arise
Like plants which deck the vernal year,
Her Daughters, mild as summer-skies,
And as the Parian marble fair :
Then shall no prison's massy wall
Th' untutor'd miscreant's mind appall ;
But each shall sing, unaw'd by Terror's rod
Thrice blest'd and happy they—whose Confidence is
God.

A SPEECH

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT SCHOOL IN THE CHARACTER OF A GENERAL
OFFICER, PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE
MANUAL EXERCISE.

TO guard this Isle from each insidious foe,
And shield its FAIR from War's destructive blow:
To bid the Genius of old England soar,
And drive Invasion from her sea-girt shore,
Her youthful Sons, touch'd with heroic fire,
To heights of Glory nobly dare aspire.

Yet let not those to whom our birth we owe,
Dread, from their martial Sons, some future woe;
Let no dark presage damp a Mother's joy
That she shall make a Soldier of her Boy,

By thus entrusting to his early Care
These war-like Pieces which bold Vet'rans bear :
—No :—*Other* views our dawning Courage warm,
And bid it glow to quell some *sudden* storm.
If Gallia lead her armies o'er the wave,
BRITANNIA'S Isle to conquer and enslave,
Soon shall she meet, her tow'ring Pride to tame,
A STANDING ARMY with *no pay* but—FAME.

Then come, my Lads! tho' yet too *young* to fight,
Let's shew our Friends on this gay festive night,
That we have *skill*, and will that skill employ
When future foes shall dare our peace annoy ;
When future Cæsars, by Ambition led,
With hostile feet our rocky coast shall tread :—
Then, form'd to Discipline, to arms we'll fly,
Repel their boasted force, or bravely die !

ON HEARING A LADY SING AND PLAY UPON THE
GUITTAR.

AN EXTEMPORE.

IF *Fiends* infernal felt a sacred fire

At list'ning only to a *Mortal's* * lyre

Say, what must we (more humaniz'd than they)

Feel when an *ANGEL* deigns to sing and play?

* *Orpheus.*

T O
THOMAS COLE, Esq.

ON HIS QUITTING ENGLAND TO RESIDE AT THE ISLAND
OF ST. HELENA.

AN EPISTLE.

DEAR SIR,

WITH other Friends, permit me to impart
Kind Wishes, and these *Transcripts of my Heart*.
Receive them with this tributary Line,
Which ev'ry Bliss implores for Thee and Thine.

While swift retiring from thy native plain,
The Vessel bears thee o'er the billowy main,

Fill'd

• Some Productions of the Author.

Fill'd to thy health, shall many a Goblet shine,
In Friendship's hand, of sparkling gen'rous Wine;
And this the Toast:—"May Ocean smoothly flow!
"To CHARLOTTE'S* Sails may fav'ring Breezes blow!"

Thus from our lips the gen'ral pray'r shall rise,
Thus from our hearts be breath'd congenial Sighs.
Yet may those Sighs but speed thy passage o'er
The dang'rous Deep to fair HELENA'S shore!

—There may mankind as much thy Worth revere
As, long, its Loss will be lamented here!

—There may Contentment hail thy honour'd Name,
"And give thee all thy fondest Wish can claim!"

—Sleep, ev'ry Storm! let Ocean smoothly flow,
To CHARLOTTE'S Sails, let fav'ring Breezes blow!

* The *Royal Charlotte*, a new Ship launched for this Voyage.

THE
S N O W D R O P .

IMPATIENT for the coming Spring,
A Snowdrop burst its leafy cell,
What time the Redbreast lov'd to sing
His winter's tale where mortals dwell,—
What time the North-wind's pow'r enchain'd the
stream,
And falling snows repell'd the noontide beam.
Th' adventrous Flow'ret Lucas found
All trembling in the icy blast ;
Ungential mists enrob'd it round,
And tempests beat it as they pass'd :—
The Swain, who felt Life's storms, survey'd it well,
While from his lips these pitying accents fell :

“ On

" On that cheerless bed of snow

" Where relentless storms molest,

" Infant Blossom ! cease to grow,

" And deck my DELIA's fairer breast.

" There no angry tempests rise,

" There the Snowdrop never dies :

" There celestial Virtue glows,

" Tho' like Ætna wrapt in snows,—

" *Living* snows of purest white,

" That *warm* the soul and wake delight."

HAPPINESS.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis

Servare mentem, non secus in bonis

Ab insolenti temperatam

Lætitiâ, moriture Deli.

HOR.

GODDESS bright of placid Joy!

Ever woo'd and ever coy,

For whose Mind-delighting Pleasures

All but Misers give their Treasures :

Thee I hail ! whate'er thy Name,

Thou *something more* than Wealth or Fame :

Lead me where no mental foes

Conspire to trouble Life's repose,

Let

Let Envy, and her Sister Pest,
Fell Malice ! ne'er disturb my breast ;
Nor let Detraction's 'venom'd dart
Assail my ear, or wound my heart :
Let not Misfortunes on me croud,
Nor Honours that might make me proud ;
But, that I may contented live,
" Nor Poverty, nor Riches give."

In some Retreat (not too remote
From Neighbour's kind, and Town of note)
Let me my future moments spend,
Bless'd with a social faithful Friend,
Who (to complete the joys of Life)
Bears the endearing name of—Wife :
Who, when domestic scenes we leave,
In field to stray at morn or eve

(As arm in arm we devious rove,
 Or, seated, rest in shady grove)
 Can, with congenial rapture, trace
 The Charms that deck fair Nature's face,—
 Can, when the sleeping Winds are still,
 Delighted hear the tinkling rill,
 Or the more varied harmony
 That flows from ev'ry bush and tree.

Thus highly blest'd, I'll not implore
 A Mitre, or increase of store,
 Content my destin'd flock to feed :
 Tho' humble *Curate* here decreed,
 I may possess, in after date,
 A *Living* in a better State.

8 NO 65

INSCRIPTION

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT INTENDED TO BE ERIG-
TED IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. EDMUND, DUDLEY,
WORCESTERSHIRE.

To the Memory
of
RICHARD BRADLEY,
whose Piety and Munificence
erected this Temple
to
THE ALMIGHTY:
and whose Humility claim'd no Memorial
of so exemplary a Deed.
Unlike the Sons of Vanity and Ostentation,
his DECLAR'D Motive for such noble Liberality
was a "Hope that one Sinner, by its means,

" might be converted from the error of his ways,

" and save his soul alive."

This was the Object of his benevolent Mind,

Go, SINNER! whoever thou art,
repent, and fulfil his pious Purpose.

He founded this Edifice
in the Year of our Lord 1724, and departed this Life
in 1726.

To perpetuate whose Memory

THIS MONUMENT

was erected by a grateful Posterity

In the Year of our Lord

1793.

8 NO 65

KNOWLE

KNOWLE HILL,

A P O E M,

IN THREE BOOKS.

I.

MORNING.

II.

NOON.

III.

EVENING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KNOWLE HILL is situated in the Parish of Inkberrow a retired Country Village upon the southern borders of Worcestershire. Like many Scenes which invite the Pencil of the Painter, its Beauties cannot be known, but to very few, otherwise than from Description. It exhibits "a Prospect warm and alive with human Habitations; Farms and Cottages being interspersed: it is a Scene glowing with rural Happiness: a Landscape for the Heart no less than for the Eye."

"Farms wave with gold and Orchards bluss between."

Its sequestered situation rendered it a favourite Retreat of the Author during a short residence near it as Curate of the Parish. The second and third Books (Noon and Evening) will, he flatters himself, prove more interesting than the first, from the Nature of the Objects which are allotted to those divisions of the Subject. At present, only faint Sketches are taken for them: and, on the Reception which this first Book meets with from a discerning Public, will depend their destiny. If that Reception be *favourable*, though now situated at a considerable distance from the Subject of his Poem, he will revisit the Scene with his wonted Fondness, and complete his Descriptions with Pleasure and Fidelity.

8 NO 65

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT
TO BOOK THE FIRST.
MORNING.

Address to Nature. Scenes sketched collectively at an early hour in the Morning. The powers of Sight inferior to the powers of Imagination. Imagination influenced by the Passions of the Mind. Illustrated by instances. Certain flights of Imagination beyond the boundaries of Vision superseded in this poem by Scenes in view sufficiently numerous and extensive. Address to Knowle Hill. The beauties of Nature superior to the productions of Art. Apology for decrying Art in the comparison. Impossible for a Painter to represent Nature to others as she affects himself. Evinc'd by views from Knowle Hill. In surrounding Mountains. First, the Ridgeway delineated. A reflection at sun rise. Morning Scenes. Approach of Reapers

Reapers to a Cornfield. Reflections on their happiness.
Cookhill. Its former and present states compared.
That its Possessor has not not been requited by Government
for the services he has rendered his Country, lamented.
The beauties of Cookhill, and a reflection of foreign
scenes, adapted to sooth the Mind under every mortification.
The Cottages on the Ridgeway, with a Peasant's family
described. Domestic Happiness contrasted with fashionable
Dissipation. Apostrophe to conjugal Felicity. LETITIA,
an episode. The Cottager's Felicity. His small tribute
to the lord of the Manor justified by the voice of Nature.
What tribute the Rich owe to the Almighty, and why en-
vied by the Good. Pleasing effect of Cottages in a Land-
scape, illustrated by those near the Park of LORD BEAU-
CHAMP. Prospect from the Ridgeway. Scenes on the
River Arrow. Conclusion.

8 NO 65

KNOWLE HILL



L. Barker del.

KNOWLE HILL.

MORNING.

ALL-beauteous NATURE! ever-varying Pow'r!

By all admir'd, and, by the rural Muse,

In adoration's warmest strains invok'd,—

The rural Muse's Goddess!—Whether dress'd

In verdant sheen and simply deck'd with flow'rs,

Or sparkling in thy wint'ry robes of snow,

Mine

KNOWLE HILL.

Mine eye ne'er saw thee but ecstatic Joy
Suffus'd enchantment o'er my youthful Soul.
And when, as now, adorn'd with flowing vest
(The gift of Ceres) I thy charms survey,
The song of Transport hails thee, and the Muse
Descends to celebrate thy golden scenes,
Thy rising hills, and one surpassing all
In native Beauty and Simplicity.

Silent is ev'ry field. The hour of toil
Has not yet summon'd, from their dreamless sleep,
The village swains. Extensive is the view ;
Tho' lightly shaded by the mists of Morn.
Hills link'd to Hills, * in ancient brotherhood,
Form a vast chain which bounds the wandering eye.

And

* The Ridgeway, Edge-hill, Broadway, Rous-Lench, Bredon, Malvern, Abberley, the Cleys, Clent hill and the Wrekin, seem, from Knowle Hill, a vast circular chain of Mountains.

And thus its bounds must ever end its bliss,
Which ne'er can feast on what escapes its ken.
Th' horizon bounds it, when, o'er Ocean's realm,
Aching, it travels to the blushing wave
Whence Morning rises, and her dewy locks
Shakes o'er Creation.—When the Landscape green
(Of vallies, hills, and woods, and heathy plains)
Invites it to enjoyment,—some vast Rock,
Or aged Mountain, rears supremely high,
His awful form, a barrier to the view.
There terminates its pleasure. But, beyond,
Imagination revels unconfin'd :
Creates new landscapes, beauteous as the seat
Of Innocence ; or desolate and drear
As Afric's burning coast.—Th' impassion'd Mind
Is Fancy's painter. If it glōw with *Love*,
Her scenes exhibit bow'rs, and brooks, and groves,
Smooth green-sward dells, where many a native flow'r
S Breathes

Breathes perfume to the gale.—If wild *Despair*
Rage thro' its little empire,—mighty Storms
Sweep trees and cities down, and cover seas
With spoils of frightful wrecks and foamy waves.—
If *Melancholy*, leaden-sceptred Queen!

Shed o'er its sick'ning pow'rs her magic dark,
To Fancy's view appear the haunted Tow'r,
With many a chink and moulder'd battlement,
Thro' which the waning Moon is dimly seen :
The heapy Church-yard,—where, from hollow yews,
Loud-screaming Owls proclaim the midnight hour,
And Apparitions flit from tomb to tomb.

So various is the Passion-govern'd Mind ;
And such the scenes for Fancy which it draws,

But, in these flights and sportive revelries,
Imagination now must not indulge.

What

What bounds the eye shall bound the Muse's theme :
 Save when she paints some scene, to Memory dear,
 Contiguous to the object that forbids
 Her farther view.—Capacious latitude !
 An amphitheatre of many a league,
 Fertile and sylvan, mountainous, and grand,
 Rises around THEE, KNOWLE ! my beauteous theme.

Did I possess thee, from thy sloping side
 Th' unseemly wound || of some Barbarian's spade
 Shou'd disappear,—and on thy brow shou'd rise
 THE FANE OF NATURE. Art no trace shou'd leave
 In the design, which, like "NERINA'S BOW'r,"
 Simplicity's sole Fancies shou'd display.
 No flow'r exotic, deck'd in gaudy pride,
 Shou'd banish from thy bosom soft and green
 The native daisy, modest in attire :

S 2

No

• Non datur ad Musas currere lata via.

PROPERTIUS.

|| The blemish in the Vignette represents a Marble Pit.

No leafy stranger, tho' admir'd and rare,
Shou'd dispossess thy Druid-planted Oaks,
Sons of the Forest, privileg'd by Time,
Britannia's Bulwark and unrival'd boast.

— Here shou'd the bleating Flocks the pearly show'rs
Of Night brush harmless from thy herbage sweet,
Marking, as now, their wand'rings, and the spots
Where, folded in their fleecy store, they lay.
Nor should these want their Shepherd, liv'ried plain
In home-spun russet; who, the Echos coy,
Might, with untutor'd Minstrelsy, invite
To softest converse from their secret bow'rs.
Accoutred with his Satchel and his Crook,
His constant Cur attending, from the scene
The felon Ranger he shou'd drive, and teach
— His vagrant Charge to know their destin'd bounds.

Here,

Here, too, the timid Hare, the clam'rous din
Of persecuting Packs, or thund'ring roar
Of Death's fell engine, never should alarm.
—Safe as the wood-doves, which from shadiest trees,
Should my fond ear with plaintive love-notes charm,
The verd'rous banquet it shou'd freely share,
From Want secure and ev'ry treach'rous ill
That oft,—too oft, its harmless race annoys.

What tho' no proudly-rising Edifice
Adorn thy summit with the gorgeous charms
Of human Grandeur; yet, Simplicity
Sits there enthron'd, and, in complacent mood,
Waves her soft sceptre o'er the woodland scene
Which lies expansive at thy verdant foot.
Where, with enamour'd eye, thy poet, oft,
Hath stood to view thy form, which finely swells
Like the fair bosom of some beauteous Maid.

The oaks which shade thee, like her waving hair,
Heighten the charms they partially conceal.*

Transporting Nature! What is mimic Art
Compar'd with thee? Ah! what the lifeless forms
Which Sculpture raises! to the heaving Breast,—
The transient Blush,—the glist'ning Eye, that speaks
The inward soul, and animates the frame?
Ah! what the various hues the canvas boasts!
To th' azure sky! the lawn of liveliest green!
The deepen'd shade! whence, o'er some moss-brown
rock,
Precipitates the argent stream, and foams
It's rage away along the lengthen'd glade!
Ah! what the tuneful Art? † inadequate

* See View of Knowle Hill.

† Poetry.

Its loftiest pow'rs to paint the shifting cloud
 Shadow'd on Nature's bosom ; the ripe fields,
 Which, sensitive as India's tender plant,*
 Shrink from the breeze in undulating folds.

Yet, deem not YE, whose Time-surviving Names
 (To Genius dear) are trumpeted by Fame
 To Ocean's farthest wave :—forbear to deem
 The Muse unfriendly to your noble Art.
 —'Tis her's to praise, her vot'ry's to admire
 The charms of Language, and the pow'rs of Song :
 'Tis her's to celebrate, in HAYLEY's verse, †
 The Art that gratifies *one* nation's eyes
 With beauteous scenes *another* clime displays :
 The gen'rous Art, that gives to Friendship's eye
 The faithful Portrait of departed Worth:

That

* The sensitive plant

† See his Poem on Painting.

That sooths the Lover's softly-bleeding breast,
With a resemblance of the Object dear,
Whom Death or Absence severs from his arms.

Ah! I could bend, with melting fondness, o'er
Thy silent Image, my MARIA! gone,
To share with Angels unpolluted bliss :
Cou'd tell it how I lov'd thee—bid it feel
My throbbing, widow'd Heart—cou'd oft imprint
Th' impassion'd kiss upon its vermil Lips,
And wash it with my tears!—Idolatry,
Which Heav'n beholds and *pities*—not *condemns*.

These simple truths evince, alas! too well,
That he who feels them venerates the Arts
He deems inferior to great Nature's self.
—Does CHATHAM's bust possess the patriot-fire
Of its Original?—The pourtray'd-KING

Who

Who stain'd the scaffold with his righteous blood,
Speaks it each Virtue that adorn'd his Soul!

—The Pencil's Pow'r is wond'rous, yet confin'd.

The Views which now enchant my wand'ring eye

Wou'd fill with ravishment a GAINSBOROUGH'S Soul,

And, on *its* tablet (were they visible)

The beauties of each Scene might be *discern'd*,

But, on the *Canvas*, never.—High up-thrown

By Nature's arm (or some Convulsion dire

Since Nature sprung from Chaos, or, by seas,

Accumulated) Mountains meet the Clouds,

And court their frequent show'rs.—First, to the east,

The Ridgeway* claims the Numbers of the Muse.

Skirted with woods, and crown'd with aged oaks,

He overlooks (as many a peasant tells)

The loftiest mountains in Britannia's isle.

T

Around

* The Ridgeway is supposed to be the highest piece of ground in England. Malvern, Breedon, &c. which rise more suddenly have more

Around his base the eye is upward cast,
 As to a Tow'r, whose massy battlements
 Frown awfully majestic. O'er these vales
 His bulk stupendous throws a mighty shade,
 Eclipsing wide the slowly-rising Sun.

But, shorn by Mist, see, now his rayless head
 O'ertops the Mountain; and, what once was gloom
 Is glory.—Vanish'd is the Shade. And Mist,
 Grey-pinion'd, from his beamy presence flies.

Great Luminary! lovely tho' thou seem'st
 To me, and tho' around these waving plains
 Profusion laughs,—there are, alas! who view
 Thy beams with anguish,—friendless and in want.

In

more the appearance of mountains: but even Malvern is said not
 to be so lofty: Indeed, according to an old distich,

“Cookhill Hall door fill

“Is high as Malvern hill.”

Cookhill is on the Ridgeway.

In some lone field (their bed the dewy grass,—
 Their cov'ring some incumbent hedge-row tree,
 (Thro' which the Moon wept at their wretchedness)
 They pass'd the recent Night : or, haply, led
 By keen Necessity at Ev'ning's close
 To some proud Mansion ; long they importun'd,
 With clammy lips, an heedless rich man's boon ;
 Till, worn and faint, they laid their watery cheek
 On the cold stone and wish'd it were their tomb !
 Thence driv'n, at thy first blush, mild pitying Morn !
 They lift an eye,—a pleading eye to Heav'n ;
 And, as they view thy Glories, sigh to meet
 Another Day without its needful food !*
 —Protect them, Mercy!—Hark!—(from sighs of
 Woe
 We turn too gladly)—Hark ! the Sky-lark sings

T 2

As

* *Ærumque Cumulus, quod nudum et frustra rogantem,
 Nemo Cibo, nemo Hospitio, Tectoque juvabit.*

As he the night-dews from his plumage shakes.
Flush'd by a fav'rite Ranger * of the lawns
(The faithful partner of my rural walks)
The whirring Covey, borne on new-fledg'd wings,
Skim o'er the yellow fields.—Ah, luckless race !
Ere yet another Moon her crescent pale
Shall hang resplendent in the vault of Night,
Ye, to the deadly tube, shall victims fall ;
Or, widely scatter'd from your native field,
Shall hear, at latest eve, the loud lament
Of her whose genial warmth and soft'ring wings
Produc'd and shielded you from ev'ry harm !
—Enjoy Life's little day : 'tis well your doom
Ye know not. Nature gives *this* smiling morn
To you and all her works. The nightly pause
She terminates with soft pervading force
Which all her Myriads feel.—The pebbly Streams
Display,

* A Spaniel.

Display, as thro' the glist'ning vales they flow,
Disporting multitudes which eager leap
To make the floating insect-race their prey.
The fields invite their folded flocks and herds
To freshest verdure and to new-born flow'rs.
The Woods, awaken'd, pour their music forth :
Refresh'd with slumbers undisturb'd by Care,
The Reaper tunes his wonted morning hymn,
And waits his Comrades in yon golden field,
Destin'd to feel the sickle's curved edge.
Now they approach :—and, cheerful as the birds
Which sing around them, Laughter is the theme.
It ceases :—and the jest uncouth, again,
Excites the merriment in louder mood.

Thrice happy mortals !—If 'tis *Ignorance*
That causes Joy, and, “vacant minds,” *alone*,
Are open to its influence,—better far
The *vacant mind* than one with *Learning fill'd*,

And

And fullenly unsocial!—Did the Page
Of Science interdict the Laugh of Mirth
I'd pore no more on't; and yon rustic train
Shou'd be my fellows thro' Life's busy day.—
Bless'd with that Knowledge which the BOOK OF LIFE,
"The Village Preacher," and my Heart cou'd teach,—
With *them* I'd share inglorious Innocence;
Rise with the Sun, and rest when he retir'd,
Nor murmur that my destiny was poor.

Success attend you, unambitious sons:
Of Liberty and Toil!—May Nature, thus,
With annual Bounty bless your cultur'd fields,
And load your Orchards with her juicy store!*

—Then, when the wintry wind shall howl around,
Your clay-built cots, the blazing fire, at eve,
Shall gild their walls, and, Hyem's pursed brow
Softens, with genial comfort, into smiles.

Bless'd

* This Book was written in the plentiful Autumn of 1788,

Bless'd in the change that REVOLUTION wrought,
 COOKHILL * adorns the Ridgeway's highest brow.
 Once the recess of Superstition vile,
 There papal Pow'r held arbitrary sway,
 And forg'd its fetters for the human mind.
 But, when GREAT WILLIAM stepp'd on Albion's coast,
 Had the Isle shook with subterranean fire,
 Confusion greater on the sons of Rome
 Cou'd ne'er have fal'n, or heavier dismay.
 He came, and DARKNESS—MENTAL DARKNESS fled!
 TRUTH EVANGELICAL illum'd his path
 To Glory, Conquest, and Britannia's Throne.

Then, Superstition, with reverted eye
 Gleaming malignant fire, stalk'd from each scene

Where

* Cookhill was once a Priory of white Friars. The Chapel adjoining is now used according to the laws of the Church of England, and is, together with the mansion, the property of John Fortescue, Esq.

Where erst she triumph'd with unhallow'd joy :—
Slowly she stalk'd ; and, like the Prince of Hell
Caught at the ear of Eve, growl'd vengeance dire.
COOKHILL ! thy sloping lawns, and pastures green
She left reluctant ; casting, on thy charms,
The frequent glance thro' unavailing tears,
As she withdrew.—Thus, left the Sin-fal'n Pair
The charms of Eden at the birth of Time.

Such thy fair Seat, O FORTESCUE ! and such
The cheerless state of this benighted Land,
In those degen'rate days.—How chang'd the Scene !
BRITAIN is free : and COOKHILL ! (once the haunt
Of Guilt, Oppression, and monastic Sloth)
How much art thou transform'd !—Now manly worth,
Benevolence, and Hospitality,
Unite to form the Poors', the Widow's, Friend,
And hail him thy Possessor. Glory's view

Fir'd his young mind, and, at his Country's call,
 He brav'd the World of Waters to endure
 Th' extremes of climate :—to survey, unaw'd,
 Inhospitable regions wild and drear,
 The haunts of savage Nature, unexplor'd]
 By human eye, or human eye that beam'd,
 Till *then*, Benevolence.*——And what the meed
 For toils like these, which bend the BRITISH OAK,
 Bend it with age—a *premature* old age,
 And (when young *Saplings* lead the marshal'd Fleet)
 Make it unfit for Service?—COLD NEGLECT. †

U ——— *This*

* At a very early age Captain Fortescue was entered a midshipman in the Navy, and is the only officer now living that accompanied Lord Anson in his voyage round the world.

† Captain Fortescue is one of those officers who, when they reasonably expected to be raised to the rank of Admirals, were put upon the list of half-pay Captains. A modern Writer, alluding to this transaction, says----“ Among all the instances which History can produce of Disgrace, Neglect, Dishonour, and
“ Contempt.

—*This* the reward,—the State-decreed reward
Of thee, my FORTESCUE!—my Country's Friend.

Oh! let not Gallia hear th' opprobrious Truth :
That Glory, th' idol of each Briton's soul,
Is a Chimæra, an ideal name :
That when the VET'AN (worn with useful years)
Or YOUNGER WARRIOR (who has bravely fought,
AND LEFT, PERHAPS, A LIMB IN VICTORY'S FIELD)
Requests a Trophy from the Land he sav'd—
The boon's *denied* him; and, with grief, he sees
His LAURELS destin'd for *another's* brow !

But, titles, honours, and distinctions all
Are empty pageants to the noble mind,

which

“ Contempt, shewn to a set of brave and gallant Officers, the late
“ extraordinary Promotion of Admirals affords the most astonish-
“ ing and striking one. No less than thirty-one of the oldest
“ Captains in the Navy are past over, to promote sixteen others
“ to the rank of Rear-Admirals ! ”

Which soars above them : like the bird of Jove,
Whose eye drinks Glory from the Fount of Light,
And disregards each object here below,

Be this th' exemplar of my injur'd Friend.
Make TRUTH thy Pole-star—VIRTUE'S MEED thy Prize :
And all the Host of sublunary ills
Shall never rob thee of Felicity.
Imparadis'd in thy sublime Retreat
Where Nature ev'ry bloomy charm reveals,
Let Mem'ry, faithful Pilot ! frequent guide
Thy Fancy round this vast terraqueous Globe,
Ere traversed by thee for thy Country's weal :
So shall the Dangers thou hast safely pass'd
Add sweetness to each present tranquil joy,
And gild with Pleasure Life's declining Day.

Now on the Ridgeway's summit stays the Muse,
Where scatter'd Cots, in wild derangement, form

A rural Neighbourhood. Before each door,
A little Garden fenc'd with verdant thorn,
Displays the rose, now past its loyliest prime,
Else fragrant as what near the Mansion blooms
Of Grandeur prematurely. O'er the walls
Of plastic clay and rudely-shapen poles,
Her gay festoons the mantling Woodbine throws
And wantons with the am'rous morning gale.

See, thro' the wicket of the flow'ry spot,
Health's cherub offspring gaze ; and, tho' confin'd
By Tendernefs maternal, Pleasure's smile
Dimples their cheeks which emulate the rose.
There, ev'ry eve, they crowd to meet their fire,
And lip their rapture when his well known form
Is distant seen (thro' hov'ring shadows grey)
Homeward returning. Shoulder'd are his tools
Of husbandry,—his mattock and his spade

While

While pendulous his gloves (thorn-proof) and scrip
Exalted on the steel-prong'd fork, are seen.

The tidings to his lov'd assiduous mate

One swiftly bears, but soon returns, to share

A father's fondness.——Sweet Simplicity !

Had Manhood's breast a glow of Love like thine,

Pure as the light and ardent as its source,

How few the cares that cou'd annoy his bliss,

Or shake the throne of his tranquility !

Within the precincts of his Cot arriv'd,

His Eye beams tenderness alike on all,

And speaks his Heart's affection. Th' implements

My Muse has fung, the little rustics seize ;—

All, save the keen-edg'd mattock ; *that* (witheld

By cautious Love) the Parent's hand retains.

These, in gay triumph, they before him bear,

Who views the mimic reg'ment with a joy

Surpassing

Surpassing that of Kings, when they survey
 Unnumber'd Legions marching to distain
 The Earth with blood, and cause the briny tide
 From Widows', and from Orphans', hearts to flow,

Ah! say then, Ye! whose ev'ning hours not pass'd
 In noise inebriate o'er the maddening bowl ;
 Or at the Orgies dire of fell Disguise,*
 Where Honesty his open front ne'er shows,
 And Beauty's blushing cheek is mask'd by Shame :
 —Say, when amid the Pledges of your Love,
 Who, awless, sport with Innocence and Peace,
 Fair in resembling Graces,†—Graces, seen

Less

* Masquerade.

† -----Facies non omnibus una
 Nec diversa tamen-----

“ Tho' not alike, contending parts agree,
 “ Fashion'd with similar variety.”

OVID. Met. l. 2. v. 13.

Less young and playful in your wedded forms :

—Say, can the Toils of Fashion (*Pleasures nam'd*)

With all her splendid ever-varying scenes,

Awake Sensations grateful to the Mind

As those ye feel in this Society.

There, pale-ey'd Envy views superior charms

And pines her soul to sadness.—Here, bright Joy

Suffuses Rapture o'er the tranquil Mind,

And sublimated Love each bosom warms.—

There, fell Detraction's pestilential breath

Taints Virtue's spotless Lilies ; and Deceit

Unwistful Innocence to ruin leads,—

Here, soft as sounds that fall from Angel's tongue,

Sincerity her converse sweet imparts,

And fearless Truth each new-born Thought declares.

Hail, conjugal Felicity ! the source

Of mental Transport, exquisite, serene !

Oft felt, and oft imagin'd by the Muse:
But chief by him who fung the circling year,
Its various Changes and its various Charms;
Nor less by him, whose sweetly-varying strain
(The boon of Beauty) well the Poet's "Task"
Perform'd, while he "th' accomplish'd Sofa" fung.

Hail, sacred Inmate of the human Soul!
Bless'd Antidote for all the countless ills
Which chequer Life! Oh, how estrang'd the Wretch
From Virtue and from Nature's holiest law
Who knows not to enjoy thee, and who dooms
The noble Heart, susceptible and refin'd,
To bleed with Anguish, or to break with Woe!
To aid, with energy, the tongue of Truth
Descend, thou gentlest of the sacred Nine!
And warm thy Vot'ry with the gen'rous rage

Of him who sung, in sympathetic strain,
 A hapless fair-one's doom.*—A hapless Fair
 The same sad tribute claims; nor will the Muse
 Her Shade forbear to sooth.†——Ill-fated Maid!
 Ah! how must all (who every Virtue knew
 That made thy snowy bosom its abode)
 Save *one* thy melancholy lot deplore!
 —Save *ONE*?—Mysterious Thought!—cou'd *he*, thy

“ Guide,

“ Thy Partner, and familiar Friend,” unmov'd,
 Behold the canker-worm of Sickness feed
 On thy soft cheek's pale roses?—heedless view
 The felon Grief steal from thy patient eye
 More precious pearls than glow in orient mines?

X

Cou'd

* See Pope's Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

† The Death of the Lady here alluded to, was supposed to be occasioned by the ill-treatment she received from her Husband. She died regreted by all who knew her (except the Author of her Sorrows) in the 22d year of her age.

'Cou'd he behold the hasten'd shaft of Death
'Transfix thy lovely bosom, and not shed
'One pitying tear to sooth the rankling wound?
'Cou'd he not let one tender accent fall
To heal *that* heart himself had caus'd to bleed?
—Inhuman Wretch!—Barbaric climes ne'er bred
An habitant in Nature's rudest form
'Whose want of feeling e'er transcended thine.

But what of Sensibility or Love
Can the harsh Parent think in him shou'd reign
Whose breast's th' abode of sordid Avarice?
What Happiness expect his loathing Child
Shou'd taste with him her soul abominates?
In *such* the tenderness of Female Charms
Finds no asylum: Beauty's fairest Form
To *their* low Soul no ecstasy conveys:
No, not if in *that* Form the Virtues blend

Each

Each soft Perfection, each enchanting Grace
That heav'nly Souls display.——Yet such, alas!
Lamented Beauty! was *thy* hapless lot.

Torn from the Youth whose Virtues won thy Love,—
Thou wast, LÆTITIA! (ah! how falsely nam'd!)*
Obedient to a Parent's stern decree,
To th' Altar led, a Sacrifice, in tears,
Devoted soon to languish and to die!
To die unmourn'd, as thou hadst liv'd unlov'd,
By him whom Heav'n enjoin'd to love thee most!

To raise to manly thought his groveling mind,
In vain did Sense and temper'd Wit conspire:
In vain did Music's heav'n-taught pow'rs essay
To wake to Ecstasies sublimely pure
His drossy Soul. In vain thy sweeter Tongue
Distill'd

* *Letitia*----Gladness.

Distill'd celestial Harmony most soft ;—
For, on the ear unorganiz'd and base
Of him whom adverse Stars decreed thy Mate,
That Harmony was lost. Alas ! if heard,
Was deem'd but *Discord* to the Yell of Hounds,—
The dying shriek of the heart-broken Hare !

Perverted Taste !—O lost to noblest Sense !
Whose Soul dissolves not into Ravishment
At list'ning to Anticipation sweet
Of Bliss divine. O lost to tenderness !
Who flights (for wild inhuman exercise)
That Sex—the kindest, loveliest Gift of Heav'n,

Peace to thy Sorrows, luckless injur'd Fair !
May no rude foot profane thy hallow'd dust.
Peace to that breast which ev'ry wrong endur'd
A Wife can suffer.—Gentle Shade ! repose,
“Till Angels wake thee with a note like thine.”

Clos'd

Clos'd be this strain to Worth and Beauty due;
And, from thy flight digressive, Muse! return:
Return from sighs of Woe and courtly Scenes,
To humbler haunts of Nature; where no sigh
Of injur'd Innocence the tender ear
Of list'ning Pity plaintively affails:—
Return the lot of Villagers to sing;
With brighten'd eye their rural Mansions view
Which (like the dwellings of the feather'd race)
Ne'er knew the square, the plummet and the line.
Each his own architect, the work must please:
And pleas'd each tenant is. His mite he pays
To him who is the Manor's rightful lord,
And, then, is taxless till the circling hours
Again lead in the tributary morn
Which sets him free for the commencing year.*

The

* For each of these Cottages, which are built upon what is called the Waste; one shilling chief rent is annually paid to the lord of the manor.

The Custom Nature dictates; and, to Heav'n
 Is Man's acknowledgement thus justly due.
 The *Rich* are Cottagers to Nature's LORD :
 They owe their tribute for the space they hold
 In the wide Manor of Creation's Map ;
 And, to with-hold it, were Ingratitude.
 The tribute which *their* station best beseems
 Is PRAISE to HIM who made them what they are,
 And PITY to the patient-suff'ring Poor.*

For

* The Author never saw Cottages, having an appearance of Comfort and Neatness, near the Seat of any Nobleman or Gentleman without entertaining particular Sentiments of Respect for their opulent Proprietor. They look like simple field-flowers smiling in the rays of a genial Sun. They are certainly *honourable* Appendages to Greatness : they give Dignity to the boundaries of a spacious Park, or to a Rich Man's Neighbourhood ; for they pleasingly prove that Wealth and Benignity are not far from them. --- A *miserable*-looking Cottage, and an *honest* poor man, starving for Want, do no credit to the Lord of the Manor in which they are seen.

Mr. Cumberland, in one of the lighter productions of his ingenious pen, makes the noble heroine of the tale (in a plan which she

For if the Great are envied by the Good
 It is that they have Pow'r to bless Mankind :
 And if their be in Nature aught divine,
 It is the Heart that, touch'd at Misery,
 In blessing is most bless'd. The dawn it feels
 Of happiness celestial ere the shades
 Of mortal Night, caliginous, retire.

St

the purposes to adopt after her approaching nuptials) speak the following language.-----“ The chief part of our time, money, and
 “ attention will, I hope, be spent in the Country ; where I could
 “ wish to carry on a *constant* and *gradual* improvement, rather
 “ than a *rapid* and *expensive* one ; not only as it will be a *lasting*
 “ pleasure to us, who are occupied in it, but as it will give a more
 “ *permanent* employment to our *laborious Poor*. Of them I shall be
 “ ambitious of collecting a Colony about me, lodged in *comfort-*
 “ *able Cottages* within my view, and not driven into holes and
 “ corners of the earth to make room for my unsocial and tyranni-
 “ cal ideas of monopolizing a whole country for what is falsely
 “ called Ornament and Prospect.---*Their Habitations will be the*
 “ *best Ornament of my Prospect ; their Population my Pride, and*
 “ *the Contemplation of their Comforts my Reward.*”

So some vast Mountain, thro' the murky clouds,
Lifts his hoar head, and feels the genial sun,
Ere yet th' horizon blushes with its beams;
While, o'er the Plains below, thick Darkness broods,
That chills the soft-wing'd Zephyrs, and, in sleep,
Enwraps the tenants of the grove and field,

Scatter'd around thy Seat,* august and fair,
(Whither, O BEAUCHAMP! from the cares of State,
Serenely thou retir'st) the Dwellings neat
Of Shepherd, and of him who turns the glebe,
Delight my roving eye. At early morn,
I've seen the happy tenants issue forth
To bless their Country with their useful toil.
By shades embow'ring, some, almost conceal'd,
Scarce feel the orient beam. Some, whiten'd o'er,
Conspicuous,

* The elegant and spacious Park of Lord Beauchamp is near the Ridgeway.

Conspicuous, on the Common's side, are seen.
 Other's, embosom'd deep, escape the eye,
 While columns blue of flow-revolving smoke
 Their secret site betray.—Thus, Nature (deck'd
 With habitations of her peaceful sons)
 Boasts, in her rural Scenery, a Charm
 Never beheld where Ignorance and Pride
 (Contiguous ruling with tyrannic sway)
 "Indignant spurn the Cottage from the Green.*

Adown the eastern side (o'er woods and lawns)
 Of Ridgeway's broad-bas'd beacon that divides
 Two fertile Shires,† now flies the willing Muse
 To view a group of richly-crowned hills,
 Whence many a ship, in royal GEORGE'S cause,
 Y Might

* Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

† Worcestershire and Warwickshire.

Might launch upon the wave.— On * Arrow's bank
 Her eye soon wanders; and his sinuous course,
 Would gladly trace to Avon's silver tide,
 And shed a tribute o'er her SHAKESPEARE'S tomb.—
 Rapt by an impulse of congenial fire,
 She pants to hail the Genius of the flood
 For inspiration in her rural song.

Arrow! meand'ring Stream! the Muse's boon
 Bear to the sacred River: and thy banks
 Shall bloom immortal in some loftier strains,
 Which she shall dictate to some nobler bard.

Had I a MASON'S pencil thou shou'dst live
 In my description; and thy Willows green,—
 Thy sedgy beds, where Halcyons † trim their plumes,—
 Thy

* The river Arrow flows by Alcester, and empties itself into the Avon.

† King Fishers.

Thy luscious limes, and meadows newly mown:
 —These, with thy ev'ry charm, th' enamour'd Muse
 Shou'd celebrate, and "ENGLAND'S GARDEN" * boast
 No fairer scene. — Her ancient classic walls
 BIRCH ABBEY † raises near thy winding side,
 And sees thee pour thy rain-augmented waves
 O'er rugged moss-clad stones, a white cascade.
 —Affection marks this spot, and on thy banks
 There rises none more dear. Before its view,
 ‡ RAGLEY her beauties opens to the sun.
 —There, gently-rising hills with Oaks adorn'd,
 As if by Nature planted, form a shade
 For bleating flocks and herds of dappled deer.
 A princely Mansion (from the quarry's womb)
 With Grandeur's smile o'erlooks the fair demesne,
 Its hanging woods and distant hills and dales.

Y 2

Such

* Mason's English Garden.

† The residence of the author's Brother, the Rev. M. Booker.

‡ The seat of Lord Beauchamp.

Such are the scenes which Arrow's banks display,
And oft their graces, in thy youthful eye
Have wak'd, my HESTER! Rapture's beaming fire.
—Methinks I see thee tread thy fav'rite lawn,
Blooming in Health and rob'd with Innocence,
Airy and cheerful as the Nymph of Spring.
—Ah!—visionary Thought!—Yon sacred Pile *
Contains thy Ashes!—*There* my tear-dimm'd eyes
Behold the mausoleum that enshrines
Thy dear Remains!—If Angels view th' abodes
Of Mortals, and (commision'd by that Pow'r
Who gave us being) if, with tender care,
They guard their Fav'rites—thou wilt ne'er forsake
My devious path: Nor shall my grateful heart,
Warm with fraternal Fondness, e'er forget
Th' endearing Worth and Purity of Soul
That, from its love, translated thee to heav'n.

Cease,

* Alcester Church. See Epitaph page 70.

Cease, throbbing Heart! to mourn her early doom,*
Yet a few fleeting years, and thou shalt glow
With Joy ecstatic—if her blameless life
Be copied by thee, till thy vital tide
Freeze in Death's wintry blast no more to flow.

Then, when the lovely scenes my Muse has sung
Shall be dissolved, far lovelier Scenes shall rise,
Where “living Fountains” and eternal Bow’rs
Yield transports infinite, divinely pure,
Congenial to the never-dying Soul.

* This Sister of the author died a few weeks before this poem was written, in the 21st year of her age.

Cease, throbbing Heart! to count her early doom.

Yet a few fleeting years, and thou shalt glow

With joy eternal—thou shalt shine like

Be copied by thee, till the vital tide

Flows in Death's wintry plain no more to flow.

Then, when the lovely features my hand has long

Shall be dissolved, far lovelier forms shall rise

Where "living Fountains" and eternal flows

Will transport infinite, divinely pure,

Congential to the new

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The sister of the author died a few weeks before this poem

was written, in the 21st year of her age.